

THE RUSKIN READER

BEING PASSAGES FROM

MODERN PAINTERS

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE

AND

THE STONES OF VENICE

BY

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P R E F A C E

IN arranging this volume, it has been attempted to give the main lines of Mr. Ruskin's teaching, and the chief characteristics of his style, in a series of extracts from his great early works.

Each of these, taken in order of publication, is represented by a selection from its favourite passages, chosen rather for their general interest than for their bearing on the study of art. It is hoped they will find favour with young readers in schools and colleges, to whom the nine costly volumes have practically been sealed books.

Famous descriptions, and eloquent periods, and sentences of wit and wisdom, are here given with as much as possible of their setting and context. I have not merely picked the flowers, but dug up the plants, root and branch; in the hope that so they may survive the transplanting. Extracts often wither into aphorisms;

let such noble thoughts strike into new soil and bear fruit. I should like to have given more, but a little garden is all that most of us can cultivate to advantage: and with these, it will be well stocked.

For the impertinence of notes, pardon. A scholiast is privileged: and besides, the references which one reader resents, give others the key of the treasure-house. Knowledge buys knowledge; and many a page that signifies nothing to the unlearned, is heavenly music to him who can follow its drift and interpret its allusions. "Not harsh nor crabbed," this divine philosophy, of nature with a spirit in her, man with a soul, and God over all, blessing and blest.

W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

CONISTON, *April 1895.*

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THE RUSKIN READER

From "MODERN PAINTERS," Vol. I.

TURNER AND THE ANCIENTS.

1. The Use of Landscape Painting.

THE landscape painter must always have two great and distinct ends: the first, to induce in the spectator's mind the faithful conception of any natural objects whatsoever; the second, to guide the spectator's mind to those objects most worthy of its con- 5
templation, and to inform him of the thoughts and feelings with which these were regarded by the artist himself.

In attaining the first end the painter only places the spectator where he stands himself; he sets him 10
before the landscape and leaves him. The spectator is alone. He may follow out his own thoughts as he would in the natural solitude; or he may remain untouched, unreflecting and regardless, as his disposition may incline him; but he has nothing of thought given 15
to him; no new ideas, no unknown feelings, forced on his attention or his heart. The artist is his conveyance, not his companion,—his horse, not his friend.

But in attaining the second end, the artist not only places the spectator, but *talks* to him; makes him a sharer in his own strong feelings and quick thoughts; hurries him away in his own enthusiasm; guides him
 5 to all that is beautiful; snatches him from all that is base; and leaves him more than delighted,—ennobled and instructed, under the sense of having not only beheld a new scene, but of having held communion
 10 with a new mind, and having been endowed for a time with the keen perception and the impetuous emotions of a nobler and more penetrating intelligence.

2. The Old Masters criticised : Claude's "Il Mulino" and the Campagna.

The foreground is a piece of very lovely and perfect forest scenery, with a dance of peasants by a brook-side; quite enough subject to form, in the hands of a
 15 master, an impressive and complete picture. On the other side of the brook, however, we have a piece of pastoral life; a man with some bulls and goats tumbling headforemost into the water, owing to some sudden paralytic affection of all their legs. Even this
 20 group is one too many; the shepherd had no business to drive his flock so near the dancers, and the dancers will certainly frighten the cattle. But when we look farther into the picture, our feelings receive a sudden and violent shock, by the unexpected appearance,
 25 amidst things pastoral and musical, of the military; a number of Roman soldiers riding in on hobby-horses, with a leader on foot, apparently encouraging them to make an immediate and decisive charge on the musicians. Beyond the soldiers is a circular temple,

in exceedingly bad repair; and close beside it, built against its very walls, a neat watermill in full work. By the mill flows a large river with a weir all across it. The weir has not been made for the mill (for that receives its water from the hills by a trough carried 5 over the temple), but it is particularly ugly and monotonous in its line of fall, and the water below forms a dead-looking pond, on which some people are fishing in punts. The banks of this river resemble in contour the later geological formations around 10 London, constituted chiefly of broken pots and oyster-shells. At an inconvenient distance from the water-side stands a city, composed of twenty-five round towers and a pyramid. Beyond the city is a handsome bridge; beyond the bridge, part of the Cam- 15 pagna, with fragments of aqueducts; beyond the Campagna, the chain of the Alps; on the left, the cascades of Tivoli.

This is, I believe, a fair example of what is commonly called an "ideal" landscape; *i.e.*, a group 20 of the artist's studies from Nature, individually spoiled, selected with such opposition of character as may insure their neutralizing each other's effect, and united with sufficient unnaturalness and violence of association to insure their producing a general sensation of 25 the impossible. Let us analyse the separate subjects a little in this ideal work of Claude's.

Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself 30 for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles

beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like a dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave.

Let us, with Claude, make a few "ideal" alterations in this landscape. First, we will reduce the multitudinous precipices of the Apennines to four sugar-loaves. Secondly, we will remove the Alban Mount, and put a large dust-heap in its stead. Next we will knock down the greater part of the aqueducts, and leave only an arch or two, that their infinity of length may no longer be painful from its monotony. For the purple mist and declining sun, we will substitute a bright blue sky, with round white clouds. Finally, we will get rid of the unpleasant ruins in the foreground; we will plant some handsome trees

• therein, we will send for some fiddlers, and get up a dance, and a picnic party.

It will be found, throughout the picture, that the same species of improvement is made on the materials which Claude had ready to his hand. The descending slopes of the city of Rome, towards the pyramid of Caius Cestius, supply not only lines of the most exquisite variety and beauty, but matter for contemplation and reflection in every fragment of their buildings. This passage has been idealized by Claude into a set of similar round towers, respecting which no idea can be formed but that they are uninhabitable, and to which no interest can be attached, beyond the difficulty of conjecturing what they could have been built for. The ruins of the temple are rendered unimpressive by the juxtaposition of the watermill, and inexplicable by the introduction of the Roman soldiers. The glide of the muddy streams of the melancholy Tiber and Anio through the Campagna is impressive in itself, but altogether ceases to be so, when we disturb their stillness of motion by a weir, adorn their neglected flow with a handsome bridge, and cover their solitary surface with punts, nets, and fishermen.

It cannot, I think, be expected that landscapes like this should have any effect on the human heart, except to harden or to degrade it; to lead it from the love of what is simple, earnest, and pure, to what is as sophisticated and corrupt in arrangement, as erring and imperfect in detail. So long as such works are held up for imitation, landscape painting must be a manufacture, its productions must be toys, and its patrons must be children.

3. Gaspar Poussin's "Aricia" compared with Nature and with Turner.

There is, in the first room of the National Gallery, a landscape attributed to Gaspar Poussin, called sometimes Aricia, sometimes Le or La Riccia, according to the fancy of catalogue printers. Whether it
 5 can be supposed to resemble the ancient Aricia, now La Riccia, close to Albano, I will not take upon me to determine, seeing that most of the towns of these old masters are quite as like one place as another; but, at any rate, it is a town on a hill, wooded with
 10 two-and-thirty bushes, of very uniform size, and possessing about the same number of leaves each. These bushes are all painted in with one dull opaque brown, becoming very slightly greenish towards the lights, and discover in one place a bit of rock, which of
 15 course would in nature have been cool and grey beside the lustrous hues of foliage, and which, therefore, being moreover completely in shade, is consistently and scientifically painted of a very clear, pretty, and positive brick red, the only thing like
 20 colour in the picture. The foreground is a piece of road which, in order to make allowance for its greater nearness, for its being completely in light, and, it may be presumed, for the quantity of vegetation usually present on carriage-roads, is given in a very cool
 25 green grey; and the truth of the picture is completed by a number of dots in the sky on the right, with a stalk to them, of a sober and similar brown.

Not long ago, I was slowly descending this very bit of carriage-road, the first turn after you leave
 30 Albano, not a little impeded by the worthy successors

of the ancient prototypes of Veiento. It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban Mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano, and graceful darkness of its ilex grove, rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber; the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep palpitating azure, half æther and half dew. The noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia; and their masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it colour, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the grey walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden

gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its
 5 restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound; and over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless inter-
 10 vals between the solemn and orbéd repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.

Tell me,—who is likest this, Poussin or Turner?

4. Dawn to dawn on the Rigi:—sky-scenery unattempted by the Ancients, but painted by Turner.

15 It is difficult for us to conceive how any person can go to nature for a single day or hour, when she is really at work in any of her nobler spheres of action, and yet retain respect for the old masters; finding, as find he will, that every scene which rises, rests, or
 20 departs before him, bears with it a thousand glories of which there is not one shadow, one image, one trace or line, in any of their works; but which will illustrate to him, at every new instant, some passage which he had not before understood in the high
 25 works of modern art. Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields, as they float in level bays and

winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away, and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their grey shadows upon the plain. Has Claude given this? Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Has Claude given this? Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapours,

which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their grey network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves, together; and
5 then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there
10 is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey. Has Claude given this? And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapour swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging
15 from the burdened clouds in black bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an
20 instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapour, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside
25 you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. Has Claude given this? And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow
30 of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter—brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line

- by line ; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so 5 measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them. Ask Claude, or his brethren, for that. And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling 10 against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning : watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire : watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, 15 kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning ; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven ; the rose-light of their silent domes 20 flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, 25 and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels : and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this 30 His message unto men !

5. Turner's Rocks : "The Fall of the Tees."

It would take me no reasonable or endurable time, if I were to point out one half of the various kinds and classes of falsehood which the inventive faculties of the old masters succeeded in originating, in the
5 drawing of foregrounds. It is not this man nor that man, nor one school nor another ; all agree in entire repudiation of everything resembling facts, and in the high degree of absurdity of what they substitute for them. Even Cuyp, who evidently saw and studied
10 a certain kind of nature, as an artist should do ; not fishing for idealities, but taking what nature gave him, and thanking her for it ; even he appears to have supposed that the drawing of the earth might be trusted to chance or imagination, and, in consequence, strews his banks with lumps of dough, instead
15 of stones.

Turner's Upper Fall of the Tees, Yorkshire, engraved in the England series, may be given as a standard example of rock-drawing to be opposed to
20 the work of Salvator. We have, in the great face of rock which divides the two streams, horizontal lines which indicate the real direction of the strata, and the same lines are given in ascending perspective all along the precipice on the right. But we see also
25 on the central precipice fissures absolutely vertical, which inform us of one series of joints dividing these horizontal strata ; and the exceeding smoothness and evenness of the precipice itself inform us that it has been caused by a great separation of substance in the
30 direction of another more important line of joints, running across the river. Accordingly we see on the

left that the whole summit of the precipice is divided again and again by this great series of joints into vertical beds, which lie against each other with their sides toward us, and are traversed downwards by the same vertical lines traceable on the face of the central cliff. Now, let me direct especial attention to the way in which Turner has marked, over this general and grand unity of structure, the modifying effects of the weather and the torrent. Observe how the whole surface of the hill above the precipice on the left is brought into one smooth unbroken curvature of gentle convexity, until it comes to the edge of the precipice, and then, just on the angle, breaks into the multiplicity of fissure which marks its geological structure. Observe how every one of the separate blocks into which it divides is rounded and convex in its salient edges turned to the weather, and how every one of their inward angles is marked clearly and sharply by the determined shadow and transparent reflex. Observe how exquisitely graceful are all the curves of the convex surfaces, indicating that every one of them has been modelled by the winding and undulating of running water; and how gradually they become steeper as they descend, until they are torn down into the face of the precipice. Finally, observe the exquisite variety of all the touches which express fissure or shade; every one in varying direction and with new form, and yet of which one deep and marked piece of shadow indicates the greatest proximity; and from this every shade becomes fainter and fainter, until all are lost in the obscurity and dimness of the hanging precipice and the shattering fall. Again, see how the same

fractures just upon the edge take place with the central cliff above the right-hand fall, and how the force of the water is told us by the confusion of débris accumulated in its channel. In fact, the great quality about Turner's drawings which more especially proves their transcendent truth is, the capability they afford us of reasoning on past and future phenomena, just as if we had the actual rocks before us; for this indicates not that one truth is given, or another, not that a pretty or interesting morsel has been selected here and there, but that the whole truth has been given, with all the relations of its parts; so that we can pick and choose our points of pleasure or of thought for ourselves, and reason upon the whole with the same certainty which we should after having climbed and hammered over the rocks bit by bit. With this drawing before him, a geologist could give a lecture upon the whole system of aqueous erosion, and speculate as safely upon the past and future states of this very spot, as if he were standing and getting wet with the spray. He would tell you at once, that the waterfall was in a state of rapid recession; that it had once formed a wide cataract just at the place where the figure is sitting on the heap of débris; and that when it was there, part of it came down by the channel on the left, its bed being still marked by the delicately chiselled lines of fissure. He would tell you that the foreground had also once been the top of the fall, and that the vertical fissures on the right of it were evidently then the channel of a side stream. He would tell you that the fall was then much lower than it is now, and that being lower, it had less force, and cut itself a narrower bed; and that the spot

where it reached the higher precipice is marked by the expansion of the wide basin which its increased violence has excavated, and by the gradually increasing concavity of the rocks below, which we see have been hollowed into a complete vault by the elastic bound
 of the water. But neither he nor I could tell you
 with what exquisite and finished marking of every
 fragment and particle of soil or rock, both in its own
 structure and in the evidence it bears of these great
 influences, the whole of this is confirmed and carried
 out.

6. The Sea: Turner's "Snowstorm" and "Slave Ship."

Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be un-
 imaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge,
 but from the complete annihilation of the limit be-
 tween sea and air. The water from its prolonged
 agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but
 into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in
 ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and, where
 one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery
 from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not
 in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging,
 coiling masses, which make the air white and thick
 as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long
 each: the surges themselves are full of foam in their
 very bodies, underneath, making them white all
 through, as the water is under a great cataract; and

their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when
5 the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it, and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist; imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea,
10 as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave; and finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, furrowed with their
15 whirl of ascent, through all this chaos; and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air; that no object, nor horizon, nor any land-mark or natural evidence of position is left; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all
20 cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract. Suppose the effect of the first sunbeam sent from above to show this annihilation to itself, and you have the sea picture of the Academy, 1842, the Snowstorm, one
25 of the very grandest statements of sea-motion, mist, and light, that has ever been put on canvas, even by Turner. Of course it was not understood; his finest works never are: but there was some apology for the public's not comprehending this, for few people have
30 had the opportunity of seeing the sea at such a time, and when they have, cannot face it. To hold by a mast or a rock, and watch it, is a prolonged endurance of drowning which few people have courage to

go through. To those who have, it is one of the noblest lessons of nature.

But, I think, the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of the *Slave Ship*, the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold, and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under strength of the swell compels or permits them; leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the undistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple

and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

I believe, if I were reduced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. Its daring conception, ideal in the highest sense of the word, is based on the purest truth, and wrought out with the concentrated knowledge of a life; its colour is absolutely perfect, not one false or morbid hue in any part or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition; its drawing as accurate as fearless; the ship buoyant, bending, and full of motion; its tones as true as they are wonderful; and the whole picture dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions (completing thus the perfect system of all truth, which we have shown to be formed by Turner's works)—the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea.

7. To Young Artists.

One of the most morbid symptoms of the general taste of the present day is, a too great fondness for unfinished works. Brilliancy and rapidity of execution are everywhere sought as the highest good, and

- so that a picture be cleverly handled as far as it is carried, little regard is paid to its imperfection as a whole. Hence some artists are permitted, and others compelled, to confine themselves to a manner of working altogether destructive of their powers, and to tax their energies, not to concentrate the greatest quantity of thought on the least possible space of canvas, but to produce the greatest quantity of glitter and clap-trap in the shortest possible time. To the idler and trickster in art, no system can be more advantageous; but to the man who is really desirous of doing something worth having lived for, to a man of industry, energy, or feeling, we believe it to be the cause of the most bitter discouragement. If ever, working upon a favourite subject or a beloved idea, he is induced to tax his powers to the utmost, and to spend as much time upon his picture as he feels necessary for its perfection, he will not be able to get so high a price for the result, perhaps, of a twelve-month's thought, as he might have obtained for half-a-dozen sketches with a forenoon's work in each, and he is compelled either to fall back upon mechanism, or to starve.
- Now the press should especially endeavour to convince the public that by this purchase of imperfect pictures they not only prevent all progress and development of high talent, and set tricksters and mechanics on a level with men of mind, but defraud and injure themselves. For there is no doubt whatever, that, estimated merely by the quantity of pleasure it is capable of conveying, a well-finished picture is worth to its possessor half-a-dozen incomplete ones; and that a perfect drawing is, simply as a source of delight,

better worth a hundred guineas than a drawing half as finished is worth thirty.

On the other hand, the body of our artists should be kept in mind, that, by indulging the public with
5 rapid and unconsidered work, they are not only depriving themselves of the benefit which each picture ought to render to them, as a piece of practice and study, but they are destroying the refinement of
10 general taste, and rendering it impossible for themselves ever to find a market for more careful works, supposing that they were inclined to execute them. Nor need any single artist be afraid of setting the example, and producing laboured works, at advanced prices, among the cheap quick drawings of the day.
15 The public will soon find the value of the complete work, and will be more ready to give a large sum for that which is inexhaustible, than a portion of it for that which they are wearied of in a month. The artist who never lets the price command the picture, will soon find the picture command the price.
20

And it ought to be a rule with every painter, never to let a picture leave his easel while it is yet capable of improvement, or of having more thought put into
25 it. The general effect is often perfect and pleasing, and not to be improved upon, when the details and facts are altogether imperfect and unsatisfactory. It may be difficult, perhaps the most difficult task of art, to complete these details, and not to hurt the general
30 effect; but, until the artist can do this, his art is imperfect and his picture unfinished. That only is a complete picture which has both the general wholeness and effect of nature, and the inexhaustible

“perfection of nature’s details. And it is only in the effort to unite these that a painter really improves. By aiming only at details, he becomes a mechanic; by aiming only at generals, he becomes a trickster; his fall in both cases is sure. Two questions the artist has, therefore, always to ask himself: First, “Is my whole right?” Secondly, “Can my details be added to? Is there a single space in the picture where I can crowd in another thought? Is there a curve in it which I can modulate, a line which I can vary, a vacancy I can fill? Is there a single spot which the eye, by any peering or prying, can fathom or exhaust? if so, my picture is imperfect: and if, in modulating the line or filling the vacancy, I hurt the general effect, my art is imperfect.”

But, on the other hand, though incomplete pictures ought neither to be produced nor purchased, careful and real *sketches* ought to be valued much more highly than they are. Studies of landscape, in chalk or sepia, should form a part of every Exhibition, and a room should be allotted to drawings and designs of figures in the Academy. We should be heartily glad to see the room which is now devoted to bad drawings of incorporeal and imaginary architecture,—of things which never were, and which, thank Heaven! never will be,—occupied, instead, by careful studies for historical pictures; not blots of chiaroscuro, but delicate outlines with the pen or crayon.

From young artists nothing ought to be tolerated but simple *bonâ fide imitation* of nature. They have no business to ape the execution of masters; to utter weak and disjointed repetitions of other men’s words,

and mimic the gestures of the preacher, without understanding his meaning or sharing in his emotions. We do not want their crude ideas of composition, their unformed conceptions of the Beautiful, their unsystematized experiments upon the Sublime. We scorn their velocity; for it is without direction: we reject their decision; for it is without grounds: we condemn their composition; for it is without materials: we reprobate their choice; for it is without comparison.

10 Their duty is neither to choose, nor compose, nor imagine, nor experimentalize; but to be humble and earnest in following the steps of nature, and tracing the finger of God. Nothing is so bad a symptom, in the work of young artists, as too much dexterity of

15 handling; for it is a sign that they are satisfied with their work, and have tried to do nothing more than they were able to do. Their work should be full of failures; for these are the signs of efforts. They should keep to quiet colours, greys and browns; and,

20 making the early works of Turner their example, as his latest are to be their object of emulation, should go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning, and remember her instruction; rejecting nothing,

25 selecting nothing, and scorning nothing; believing all things to be right and good, and rejoicing always in the truth. Then, when their memories are stored, and their imaginations fed, and their

30 hands firm, let them take up the scarlet and the gold, give the reins to their fancy, and show us what their heads are made of. We will follow them wherever they choose to lead; we will check at

nothing ; they are then our masters, and are fit to be so. They have placed themselves above our criticism, and we will listen to their words in all faith and humility ; but not unless they themselves have before bowed, in the same submission, to a higher Authority 5 and Master.

From "MODERN PAINTERS," Vol. II.

ON BEAUTY, AND IMAGINATION.

1. Of Beauty.

By the term Beauty properly are signified two things. First, that external quality of bodies which, whether it occur in a stone, flower, beast, or in man, is absolutely identical; which may be shown to be in some
 5 sort typical of the Divine attributes; and which therefore I shall, for distinction's sake, call Typical Beauty: and, secondarily, the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things, more especially of the joyful and right exertion of perfect life in man;
 10 and this kind of beauty I shall call Vital Beauty.

Any application of the word Beautiful to other appearances or qualities than these is either false or metaphorical; as, for instance, to the splendour of a discovery, the fitness of a proportion, the coherence
 15 of a chain of reasoning, or the power of bestowing pleasure which objects receive from association, a power confessedly great, and interfering in a most embarrassing way with the attractiveness of inherent beauty.

2. Of Typical Beauty: Infinity, the type of the Divine Incomprehensibility.

20 That all forms of acknowledged beauty are composed exclusively of curves will, I believe, be at once allowed; but that which there will be need more especially to

• prove is, the subtlety and constancy of curvature in all natural forms whatsoever. I believe that, except in crystals, in certain mountain forms admitted for the sake of sublimity or contrast (as in the slope of débris), in rays of light, in the levels of calm water 5 and alluvial land, and in some few organic developments, there are no lines nor surfaces of nature without curvature ; though, as we before saw in clouds, more especially in their under lines towards the horizon, and in vast and extended plains, right lines are 10 often suggested which are not actual. Without these we could not be sensible of the value of the contrasting curves ; and while, therefore, for the most part the eye is fed in natural forms with a grace of curvature which no hand nor instrument can follow, other 15 means are provided to give beauty to those surfaces which are admitted for contrast, as in water by its reflection of the gradations which it possesses not itself. In freshly broken ground which Nature has not yet had time to model, in quarries and pits which are none 20 of her cutting, in those convulsions and evidences of convulsion of whose influence on ideal landscape I shall presently have occasion to speak, and generally in all ruin and disease, and interference of one order of being with another (as in the browsing line 25 of park trees), the curves vanish, and violently opposed or broken and unmeaning lines take their place.

What curvature is to lines, gradation is to shades and colours. It is their infinity, and divides them into an infinite number of degrees. Absolutely with- 30 out gradation no natural surface can possibly be, except under circumstances of so rare conjunction as to amount to a *lusus naturæ* : for we have seen that

few surfaces are without curvature, and every curved surface must be gradated by the nature of light; and for the gradation of the few plane surfaces that exist, means are provided in local colour, aerial perspective, 5 reflected lights, etc., from which it is but barely conceivable that they should ever escape. For instances of the complete absence of gradation we must look to man's work, or to his disease and decrepitude. Compare the gradated colours of the rainbow with 10 the stripes of a target, and the gradual deepening of the youthful blood in the cheek with an abrupt patch of rouge, or with the sharply drawn veins of old age.

Such are the expressions of infinity which we find in creation, of which the importance is to be estimated 15 rather by their frequency than by their distinctness. Let, however, the reader bear constantly in mind that I insist not on his accepting any interpretation of mine, but only on his dwelling so long on those objects which he perceives to be beautiful, as to 20 determine whether the qualities to which I trace their beauty be necessarily there or not. Farther expressions of infinity there are in the mystery of Nature, and, in some measure, in her vastness; but these are dependent on our own imperfections, and therefore, 25 though they produce sublimity, they are unconnected with beauty. For that which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness: and the infinity of God is not mysterious, 30 it is only unfathomable; not concealed, but incomprehensible; it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure unsearchable sea.

3. Unity ; type of the Divine Comprehensiveness.

There is not any matter, nor any spirit, nor any creature, but it is capable of a unity of some kind with other creatures ; and in that unity is its perfection and theirs, and a pleasure also for the beholding of all other creatures that can behold. So the unity of spirits is partly in their sympathy, and partly in their giving and taking, and always in their love ; and these are their delight and their strength ; for their strength is in their co-working and army fellowship, and their delight is in the giving and receiving of alternate and perpetual good ; their inseparable dependency on each other's being, and their essential and perfect depending on their Creator's. And so the unity of earthly creatures is their power and their peace ; not like the dead and cold peace of undisturbed stones and solitary mountains ; but the living peace of trust, and the living power of support ; of hands that hold each other and are still. And so the unity of matter is, in its noblest form, the organization of it which builds it up into temples for the spirit ; and in its lower form, the sweet and strange affinity which gives to it the glory of its orderly elements, and the fair variety of change and assimilation that turns the dust into the crystal, and separates the waters that be above the firmament from the waters that be beneath : and, in its lowest form, it is the working and walking and clinging together that gives their power to the winds, and its syllables and soundings to the air, and their weight to the waves, and their burning to the sunbeams, and their stability to the mountains, and

to every creature whatsoever operation is for its glory and for others' good.

Now of that which is thus necessary to the perfection of all things, all appearance, sign, type, or suggestion
 5 must be beautiful, in whatever matter it may appear ; and the appearance of some species of unity is, in the most determined sense of the word, essential to the perfection of beauty in lines, colours, or forms.

4. Repose ; type of the Divine Permanence.

In the Cathedral of Lucca, near the entrance-door
 10 of the north transept, there is a monument by Jacopo della Quercia to Ilaria di Caretto, the wife of Paolo Guinigi. I name it not as more beautiful or perfect than other examples of the same period ; but as furnishing an instance of the exact and right mean
 15 between the rigidity and rudeness of the earlier monumental effigies, and the morbid imitation of life, sleep, or death, of which the fashion has taken place in modern times. She is lying on a simple couch with a hound at her feet ; not on the side, but with the
 20 head laid straight and simply on the hard pillow, in which, let it be observed, there is no effort at deceptive imitation of pressure. It is understood as a pillow, but not mistaken for one. The hair is bound in a flat braid over the fair brow, the sweet and arched
 25 eyes are closed, the tenderness of the loving lips is set and quiet ; there is that about them which forbids breath ; something which is not death nor sleep, but the pure image of both. The hands are not lifted in prayer, neither folded, but the arms are laid at length
 30 upon the body, and the hands cross as they fall. The

feet are hidden by the drapery, and the forms of the limbs concealed, but not their tenderness.

If any of us, after staying for a time beside this tomb, could see, through his tears, one of the vain and unkind encumbrances of the grave, which, in 5 these hollow and heartless days, feigned sorrow builds to foolish pride, he would, I believe, receive such a lesson of love as no coldness could refuse, no fatuity forget, and no insolence disobey.

5. Symmetry ; type of Divine Justice.

Whether the agreeableness of symmetry be in any way referable to its expression of abstract justice, I 10 leave the reader to determine ; I only assert respecting it, that it is necessary to the dignity of every form, and that by the removal of it we shall render the other elements of beauty comparatively ineffectual : though, on the other hand, it is to be observed that 15 it is rather a mode of arrangement of qualities than a quality itself ; and hence symmetry has little power over the mind, unless all the other constituents of beauty be found together with it. A form may be symmetrical and ugly, as many Elizabethan ornaments, 20 and yet not so ugly as it would have been if unsymmetrical, but bettered always by increasing degrees of symmetry : as in star-figures wherein there is a circular symmetry of many like members, whence their frequent use for the plan and ground of ornamental designs. 25 So also it is observable that foliage in which the leaves are concentrically grouped, as in the chestnuts, and many shrubs, rhododendrons, for instance, is far

nobler in its effects than any other, so that the sweet chestnut most fondly and frequently occurs in the landscape of Tintoret and Titian. And even in the meanest things the rule holds, as in the kaleidoscope, 5 wherein agreeableness is given to forms altogether accidental, merely by their repetition and reciprocal opposition. Which orderly balance and arrangement are essential to the perfect operation of the more earnest and solemn qualities of the Beautiful, as being 10 heavenly in their nature, and contrary to the violence and disorganization of sin; so that the seeking of them, and submission to them, are characteristic of minds that have been subjected to high moral discipline, and constant in all the great religious painters, 15 to the degree of being an offence and a scorn to men of less tuned and tranquil feeling. Equal ranks of saints are placed on each side of the picture; if there be a kneeling figure on one side, there is a corresponding one on the other; the attendant angels beneath and above are arranged in like order; and the 20 balance is preserved even in actions necessitating variety of grouping, as always by Giotto; and by Ghirlandajo in the introduction of his chorus-like side figures; and by Tintoret most eminently in his noblest 25 work, the Crucifixion, where not only the grouping, but the arrangement of light, is absolutely symmetrical. Where there is no symmetry, the effects of passion and violence are increased, and many very sublime pictures derive their sublimity from the want of it, 30 but they lose proportionally in the diviner quality of beauty. In landscape the same sense of symmetry is preserved, as we shall presently see, even to artificialness, by the greatest men; and it is one of the

principal faults in the landscapes of the present day, that the symmetry of nature is sacrificed to irregular picturesqueness. Of this, however, hereafter.

5. Purity ; type of Divine Energy.

If we carefully analyse the nature of our ideas of impurity in general, we shall find them refer especially to conditions of matter in which its various elements are placed in a relation incapable of healthy or proper operation ; and most distinctly to conditions in which the negation of vital or energetic action is most evident ; as in corruption and decay of all kinds, wherein particles which once, by their operation on each other, produced a living and energetic whole, are reduced to a condition of perfect passiveness, in which they are seized upon and appropriated, one by one, piecemeal, by whatever has need of them, without any power of resistance or energy of their own. And thus there is a peculiar painfulness attached to any associations of inorganic with organic matter, such as appear to involve the inactivity and feebleness of the latter ; so that things which are not felt to be foul in their own nature become so in association with things of greater inherent energy : as dust or earth, which in a mass excites no painful sensation, excites a most disagreeable one when strewing or staining an animal's skin ; because it implies a decline and deadening of the vital and healthy power of the skin. But all reasoning about this impression is rendered difficult, because the ocular sense of impurity connected with corruption is enhanced by the offending of other senses and by

the grief and horror of it in its own nature, as the special punishment and evidence of sin : and on the other hand, the ocular delight in purity is mingled, as I before observed, with the love of the mere
5 element of light, as a type of wisdom and of truth ; whence it seems to me that we admire the transparency of bodies ; though probably it is still rather owing to our sense of more perfect order and arrangement of particles, and not to our love of light, that
10 we look upon a piece of rock crystal as purer than a piece of marble, and on the marble as purer than a piece of chalk. And let it be observed, also, that the most lovely objects in nature are only partially transparent. I suppose the utmost possible sense of
15 beauty is conveyed by a feebly translucent, smooth, but not lustrous surface of white, and pale warm red, subdued by the most pure and delicate greys, as in the finer portions of the human frame ; in wreaths of snow, and in white plumage under rose light ; so Viola
20 of Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, and Homer of Atrides wounded. And I think that transparency and lustre, both beautiful in themselves, are incompatible with the highest beauty ; because they destroy form, on the full perception of which more of the divinely
25 typical character of the object depends than upon its colour. Hence in the beauty of snow and of flesh, so much translucency is allowed as is consistent with the full explanation of the forms ; while we are suffered to receive more intense impressions of light and
30 transparency from other objects, which nevertheless, owing to their necessarily unperceived form, are not perfectly nor affectingly beautiful. A fair forehead outshines its diamond diadem. The sparkle of the

cascade withdraws not our eyes from the snowy summits in their evening silence.

So in all cases I suppose that pureness is made to us desirable, because expressive of that constant presence and energizing of the Deity by which all things live and move, and have their being ; and that foulness is painful as the accompaniment of disorder and decay, and always indicative of the withdrawal of Divine support. And the practical analogies of life, the invariable connection of outward foulness with mental sloth and degradation, as well as with bodily lethargy and disease, together with the contrary indications of freshness and purity belonging to every healthy and active organic frame (singularly seen in the effort of the young leaves when first their inward energy prevails over the earth, pierces its corruption, and shakes its dust away from their own white purity of life), all these circumstances strengthen the instinct by associations countless and irresistible. And then, finally, with the idea of purity comes that of spirituality ; for the essential characteristic of matter is its inertia, whence, by adding to its purity of energy, we may in some measure spiritualize even matter itself. Thus in the Apocalyptic descriptions, it is the purity of every substance that fits it for its place in heaven ; the river of the water of life, that proceeds out of the throne of the Lamb, is clear as crystal, and the pavement of the city is pure gold "like unto clear glass."

7. Moderation ; the type of Government by Law.

I have put this attribute of beauty last, because I consider it the girdle and safeguard of all the rest,

and in this respect the most essential of all ; for it is possible that a certain degree of beauty may be attained even in the absence of one of its other constituents, as sometimes in some measure without symmetry or without unity. But the least appearance of violence or extravagance, of the want of moderation and restraint, is, I think, destructive of all beauty whatsoever in everything, colour, form, motion, language, or thought ; giving rise to that which in colour we call glaring, in form inelegant, in motion ungraceful, in language coarse, in thought undisciplined, in all unchastened ; which qualities are in everything most painful, because the signs of disobedient and irregular operation. And herein we at last find the reason of that which has been so often noted respecting the subtlety and almost invisibility of natural curves and colours, and why it is that we look on those lines as less beautiful which fall into wide and far license of curvature, and as most beautiful which approach nearest (so that the curvilinear character be distinctly asserted) to the government of the right line ; as in the pure and severe curves of the draperies of the religious painters. And thus in colour it is not red, but rose colour, which is most beautiful ; neither such actual green as we find in summer foliage partly, and in our painting of it constantly, but such grey green as that into which nature modifies her distant tints, or such pale green and uncertain as we see in sunset sky, and in the clefts of the glacier and the chrysoprase, and the sea-foam : and so of all colours ; not that they may not sometimes be deep and full, but that there is a solemn moderation even in their very fulness, and a holy reference, beyond and out of

their own nature, to great harmonies by which they are governed, and in obedience to which is their glory.

8. Of Vital Beauty.

I proceed more particularly to examine the nature of that second kind of Beauty of which I spoke, as consisting in "the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things." I have already noticed the example of very pure and high typical beauty which is to be found in the lines and gradations of unsullied snow: if, passing to the edge of a sheet of it, upon the Lower Alps, early in May, we find, as we are nearly sure to find, two or three little round openings pierced in it, and through these emergent, a slender, pensive, fragile flower, whose small, dark purple-fringed bell hangs down and shudders over the icy cleft that it has cloven, as if partly wondering at its own recent grave, and partly dying of very fatigue after its hard-won victory; we shall be, or we ought to be, moved by a totally different impression of loveliness from that which we receive among the dead ice and the idle clouds. There is now uttered to us a call for sympathy, now offered to us an image of moral purpose and achievement, which, however unconscious or senseless the creature may indeed be that so seems to call, cannot be heard without affection, nor contemplated without worship, by any of us whose heart is rightly tuned, or whose mind is clearly and surely sighted.

The moment we begin to look upon any creature as subordinate to some purpose out of itself, some of

the sense of organic beauty is lost. Thus, when we are told that the leaves of a plant are occupied in decomposing carbonic acid, and preparing oxygen for us, we begin to look upon it with some such indifference as upon a gasometer. It has become a machine; some of our sense of its happiness is gone; its emanation of inherent life is no longer pure. The bending trunk, waving to and fro in the wind above the waterfall, is beautiful because it is happy, though it is perfectly useless to us. The same trunk, hewn down, and thrown across the stream, has lost its beauty. It serves as a bridge—it has become useful; and its beauty is gone, or what it retains is purely “typical,” dependent on its lines and colours, not on its functions. Saw it into planks, and though now adapted to become permanently useful, its beauty is lost for ever, or to be regained only when decay and ruin shall have withdrawn it again from use, and left it to receive from the hand of nature the velvet moss and varied lichen, which may again suggest ideas of inherent happiness, and tint its mouldering sides with hues of life.

But still clearer evidence of its being indeed the expression of happiness to which we look for our first pleasure in organic form, is to be found in the way in which we regard the bodily frame of animals: of which it is to be noted first, that there is not anything which causes so intense and tormenting a sense of ugliness as any scar, wound, monstrosity, or imperfection which seems inconsistent with the animal's ease and health; and that although in vegetables, where there is no immediate sense of pain, we are comparatively little hurt by excrescences and irregularities,

• but are sometimes even delighted with them, and fond of them, as children of the oak-apple, and sometimes look upon them as more interesting than the uninjured conditions, as in the gnarled and knotted trunks of trees; yet the slightest approach to anything of the kind in *animal* form is regarded with intense horror, merely from the sense of pain it conveys. And, in the second place, it is to be noted that whenever we dissect the animal frame, or conceive it as dissected, and substitute in our thoughts the neatness of mechanical contrivance for the pleasure of the animal; the moment we reduce enjoyment to ingenuity, and volition to leverage, that instant all sense of beauty ceases. Take, for instance, the action of the limb of the ostrich, which is beautiful so long as we see it in its swift uplifting along the Desert sands, and trace in the tread of it her scorn of the horse and his rider, but would infinitely lose of its impressiveness, if we could see the spring ligament playing backwards and forwards in alternate jerks over the tubercle at the hock joint. It is by a beautiful ordinance of the Creator that all these mechanisms are concealed from sight, though open to investigation; and that in all which is outwardly manifested, we seem to see His presence rather than His workmanship, and the mysterious breath of life rather than the adaptation of matter.

9. Fancy and Imagination; illustrated from the Dragons of Retsch and Turner.

In Retsch's illustrations to Schiller's *Kampf mit dem Drachen*, we have an instance, miserably feeble

indeed, but characteristic, and suited to our present purpose, of the detailing, finishing action of the fancy. The dragon is drawn from head to tail, vulture eyes, serpent teeth, forked tongue, fiery crest, 5 armour, claws, and coils as grisly as may be; his den is drawn, and all the dead bones in it, and all the savage forest country about it far and wide; we have him, from the beginning of his career to the end, devouring, rampant, victorious over whole armies, 10 gorged with death; we are present at all the preparations for his attack, see him receive his death-wound, and our anxieties are finally becalmed by seeing him lie peaceably dead on his back.

All the time we have never got into the dragon 15 heart, we have never once felt real pervading horror, nor sense of the creature's being; it is throughout nothing but an ugly composition of claw and scale. Now take up Turner's Jason (*Liber Studiorum*) and observe how the imagination can concentrate all 20 this, and infinitely more, into one moment. No far forest country, no secret paths, nor cloven hills; nothing but a gleam of pale horizontal sky, that broods over pleasant places far away, and sends in, through the wild overgrowth of the thicket, a ray, 25 of broken daylight into the hopeless pit. No flaunting plumes nor brandished lances, but stern purpose in the turn of the crestless helmet, visible victory in the drawing back of the prepared right arm behind the steady point. No more claws, nor teeth, nor 30 manes, nor stinging tails. We have the dragon, like everything else, by the middle. We need see no more of him. All his horror is in that fearful, slow, grinding upheaval of the single coil. Spark after spark

of it, ring after ring, is sliding into the light; the slow glitter steals along him step by step, broader and broader, a lighting of funeral lamps, one by one, quicker and quicker; a moment more, and he is out upon us, all crash and blaze, among those broken 5 trunks;—but he will be nothing then to what he is now.

**10. Imagination, as shown in the "Crucifixion"
by Tintoret.**

However suggestive the work or picture may be, it cannot have effect unless we are ourselves both watchful of its every hint, and capable of understand- 10 ing and carrying it out; and although I think that this power of continuing or accepting the direction of feeling given is less a peculiar gift, like that of the original seizing, than a faculty dependent on attention and improvable by cultivation; yet, to a certain ex- 15 tent, the imaginative work will not, I think, be rightly esteemed except by a mind of some corresponding power: not but that there is an intense enjoyment in minds of feeble yet right conception in the help and food they get from those of stronger thought; 20 but a certain imaginative susceptibility is at any rate necessary, and above all things earnestness and feeling; so that assuredly a work of high conceptive dignity will be always incomprehensible and valueless except to those who go to it in earnest and give 25 it time; and this is peculiarly the case when the imagination acts not merely on the immediate subject, nor in giving a fanciful and peculiar character to prominent objects, as we have just seen, but busies itself

throughout in expressing occult and far-sought sympathies in every minor detail; of which action the most sublime instances are found in the works of Tintoret, whose intensity of imagination is such that there is not the commonest subject to which he will not attach a range of suggestiveness almost limitless; nor a stone, leaf, or shadow, nor anything so small, but he will give it meaning and oracular voice.

- 10 The most exquisite instance of this imaginative power occurs in an incident in the background of the Crucifixion. I will not insult this marvellous picture by an effort at a verbal account of it. I would not whitewash it with praise, and I refer to it only for the
- 15 sake of two thoughts peculiarly illustrative of the intellectual faculty immediately under discussion. In the common and most Catholic treatment of the subject, the mind is either painfully directed to the bodily agony, coarsely expressed by outward anatomical signs, or else it is permitted to rest on that
- 20 countenance inconceivable by man at any time, but chiefly so in this its consummated humiliation. In the first case, the representation is revolting; in the second, inefficient, false, and sometimes blasphemous.
- 25 None even of the greatest religious painters have ever, so far as I know, succeeded here: Giotto and Angelico were cramped by the traditional treatment, and the latter especially, as before observed, is but too apt to indulge in those points of vitiated feeling which attained their worst development among the Byzantines;
- 30 Perugino fails in his Christ in almost every instance: of other men than these, after them, we need not speak. But Tintoret here, as in all other cases,

penetrating into the root and deep places of his subject, despising all outward and bodily appearances of pain, and seeking for some means of expressing, not the rack of nerve or sinew, but the fainting of the deserted Son of God before His Eloi cry, and yet feeling himself 5 utterly unequal to the expression of this by the countenance, has, on the one hand, filled his picture with such various and impetuous muscular exertion, that the body of the Crucified is, by comparison, in perfect repose, and, on the other, has cast the countenance 10 altogether into shade. But the Agony is told by this, and by this only; that, though there yet remains a chasm of light on the mountain horizon where the earthquake darkness closes upon the day, the broad and sunlike glory about the head of the Redeemer has 15 become wan, *and of the colour of ashes.*

But the great painter felt he had something more to do yet. Not only that Agony of the Crucified, but the tumult of the people, that rage which invoked his blood upon them and their children. Not only 20 the brutality of the soldier, the apathy of the Centurion, or any other merely instrumental cause of the Divine suffering, but the fury of his own people, the noise against him of those for whom he died, were to be set before the eye of the understanding, if the 25 power of the picture was to be complete. This rage, be it remembered, was one of disappointed pride; and the disappointment dated essentially from the time when, but five days before, the King of Zion came, and was received with hosannahs, riding upon 30 an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass. To this time, then, it was necessary to direct the thoughts, for therein are found both the cause and the character,

the excitement of, and the witness against, this madness of the people. In the shadow behind the cross, a man, riding on an ass colt, looks back to the multitude, while he points with a rod to the Christ crucified. The ass is feeding on the *remnants of withered palm-leaves*.

**11. "The Massacre of the Innocents" as treated
by Raffaello and by Tintoret.**

Of Raffaello's treatment of the Massacre of the Innocents, Fuseli affirms that "in dramatic gradation he disclosed all the mother through every image
10 of pity and of terror." If this be so, I think the philosophical spirit has prevailed over the imaginative. The imagination never errs; it sees all that is, and all the relations and bearings of it; but it would not have confused the mortal frenzy of maternal terror with various development of maternal character.
15 Fear, rage, and agony, at their utmost pitch, sweep away all character: humanity itself would be lost in maternity, the woman would become the mere personification of animal fury or fear. For this reason all
20 the ordinary representations of this subject are, I think, false and cold: the artist has not heard the shrieks, nor mingled with the fugitives; he has sat down in his study to convulse features methodically, and philosophize over insanity. Not so Tintoret.
25 Knowing, or feeling, that the expression of the human face was, in such circumstances, not to be rendered, and that the effort could only end in an ugly falsehood, he denies himself all aid from the features, he feels that if he is to place himself or us in the midst

of that maddened multitude, there can be no time allowed for watching expression. Still less does he depend on details of murder or ghastliness of death ; there is no blood, no stabbing or cutting, but there is an awful substitute for these in the chiaroscuro. The scene is the outer vestibule of a palace, the slippery marble floor is fearfully barred across by sanguine shadows, so that our eyes seem to become bloodshot and strained with strange horror and deadly vision ; a lake of life before them, like the burning seen of the doomed Moabite on the water that came by the way of Edom : a huge flight of stairs, without parapet, descends on the left ; down this rush a crowd of women mixed with the murderers ; the child in the arms of one has been seized by the limbs, *she hurls herself over the edge, and falls head downmost, dragging the child out of the grasp by her weight ;*—she will be dashed dead in a second ;—close to us is the great struggle ; a heap of the mothers entangled in one mortal writhe with each other and the swords, one of the murderers dashed down and crushed beneath them, the sword of another caught by the blade and dragged at by a woman's naked hand ; the youngest and fairest of the women, her child just torn away from a death grasp, and clasped to her breast with the grip of a steel vice, falls backwards, helplessly over the heap, right on the sword points ; all knit together and hurled down in one hopeless, frenzied, furious abandonment of body and soul in the effort to save. Far back, at the bottom of the stairs, there is something in the shadow like a heap of clothes. It is a woman, sitting quiet,—quite quiet,—still as any stone ; she looks down steadfastly on her dead child, laid

along on the floor before her, and her hand is pressed softly upon her brow.

This, to my mind, is the only Imaginative, that is, the only true, real, heartfelt representation of the
5 being and actuality of the subject, in existence.

12. "The Last Judgment," as treated by various artists, and by Tintoret.

I should exhaust the patience of the reader, if I were to dwell at length on the various stupendous developments of the imagination of Tintoret in the Scuola di San Rocco alone. I would fain join a
10 while in that solemn pause of the journey into Egypt, where the silver boughs of the shadowy trees lace with their tremulous lines the alternate folds of fair cloud, flushed by faint crimson light, and lie across the streams of blue between those rosy islands, like
15 the white wakes of wandering ships ; or watch beside the sleep of the disciples, among those massy leaves that lie so heavily on the dead of the night beneath the descent of the angel of the Agony, and toss fearfully above the motion of the torches as the troop of
20 the betrayer emerges out of the hollows of the olives, or wait through the hour of accusing beside the judgment-seat of Pilate, where all is unseen, unfelt, except the one figure that stands with its head bowed down, pale, like a pillar of moonlight, half bathed in the
25 glory of the Godhead, half wrapt in the whiteness of the shroud. Of these, and all the other thoughts of indescribable power that are now fading from the walls of those neglected chambers, I may perhaps endeavour at a future time to preserve some image

and shadow more faithfully than by words; but I shall at present terminate our series of illustrations by reference to a work of less touching, but more tremendous appeal; the Last Judgment in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto. In this subject, almost all realizing or local statement had been carefully avoided by the most powerful painters, they judging it better to represent its chief circumstances as generic thoughts, and present them to the mind in a typical or abstract form. In the Judgment of Angelico the treatment is purely typical; a long Campo Santo, composed of two lines of graves, stretches away into the distance; on the left side of it rise the condemned; on the right the just. With Giotto and Orcagna, the conception, though less rigid, is equally typical; no effort being made at the suggestion of space, and only so much ground represented as is absolutely necessary to support the near figures and allow space for a few graves. Michael Angelo in no respect differs in his treatment, except that his figures are less symmetrically grouped, and a greater conception of space is given by their various perspective. No interest is attached to his background in itself. Fra Bartolomeo, never able to grapple with any species of sublimity except that of simple religious feeling, fails most signally in this mighty theme. His group of the dead, including not more than ten or twelve figures, occupies the foreground only; behind them a vacant plain extends to the foot of a cindery volcano, about whose mouth several little black devils like spiders are skipping and crawling. The judgment of quick and dead is thus expressed as taking place in about a rood square, and on a single group; the

whole of the space and horizon of the sky and land, being left vacant, and the presence of the Judge of all the earth made more finite than the sweep of a whirlwind or a thunder-storm.

- 5 By Tintoret only has this unimaginable event been grappled with in its Verity; not typically nor symbolically, but as they may see it who shall not sleep, but be changed. Only one traditional circumstance he has received with Dante and Michael Angelo, the
 10 Boat of the Condemned; but the impetuosity of his mind bursts out even in the adoptive of this image; he has not stopped at the scowling ferryman of the one, nor at the sweeping blow and demon dragging of the other, but seized Hylas-like by the limbs, and
 15 tearing up the earth in his agony, the victim is dashed into his destruction: nor is it the sluggish Lethe, nor the fiery lake that bears the cursed vessel, but the oceans of the earth and the waters of the firmament gathered into one white, ghastly cataract; the river
 20 of the wrath of God, roaring down into the gulf where the world has melted with its fervent heat, choked with the ruin of nations, and the limbs of its corpses tossed out of its whirling, like water-wheels. Bat-like, out of the holes and caverns and shadows of
 25 the earth, the bones gather and the clay heaps heave, rattling and adhering into half-kneaded anatomies, that crawl, and startle, and struggle up among the putrid weeds, with the clay clinging to their clotted hair, and their heavy eyes sealed by the earth darkness
 30 yet, like his of old who went his way unseeing to the Siloam Pool; shaking off one by one the dreams of the prison-house, hardly hearing the clangour of the trumpets of the armies of God, blinded yet more, as

they awake, by the white light of the new Heaven, until the great vortex of the four winds bears up their bodies to the judgment-seat: the Firmament is all full of them, a very dust of human souls, that drifts, and floats, and falls in the interminable, inevitable light; the bright clouds are darkened with them as with thick snow, currents of atom life in the arteries of heaven, now soaring up slowly, and higher and higher still, till the eye and the thought can follow no farther, borne up, wingless, by their inward faith and by the angel powers invisible, now hurled in countless drifts of horror before the breath of their condemnation.

Now, I wish the reader particularly to observe throughout all these works of Tintoret, the distinction of the Imaginative Verity from falsehood on the one hand, and from realism on the other. The power of every picture depends on the penetration of the imagination into the TRUE nature of the thing represented, and on the utter scorn of the imagination for all shackles and fetters of mere external fact that stand in the way of its suggestiveness. In the Baptism it cuts away the trunks of trees as if they were so much cloud or vapour, that it may exhibit to the thought the completed sequency of the scene; in the Massacre it covers the marble floor with visionary light, that it may strike terror into the spectator without condescending to butchery; it defies the bare fact, but creates in him the fearful feeling; in the Crucifixion it annihilates locality, and brings the palm-leaves to Calvary, so only that it may bear the mind to the Mount of Olives; as in the Entombment it brings the manger to Jerusalem, that it may take the heart

to Bethlehem^c; and all this it does in the daring consciousness of its higher and spiritual verity, and in the entire knowledge of the fact and substance of all that it touches. The imaginary boat of the demon
5 angel expands the rush of the visible river into the descent of irresistible condemnation; but to make that rush and roar felt by the eye and heard by the ear, the rending of the pine branches above the cataract is taken directly from nature; it is an abstract
10 of Alpine storm. Hence, while we are always placed face to face with whatever is to be told, there is in and beyond its reality a voice supernatural; and that which is doubtful in the vision has strength, sinew, and assuredness, built up in it by fact.

*From***"THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE."****1. "The Lamp of Sacrifice : " Private waste,
public want.**

It has been said—it ought always to be said, for it is true,—that a better and more honourable offering is made to our Master in ministry to the poor, in extending the knowledge of His name, in the practice of the virtues by which that name is hallowed, than in material presents to His temple. Assuredly it is so : woe to all who think that any other kind or manner of offering may in any wise take the place of these ! Do the people need place to pray, and calls to hear His word ? Then it is no time for smoothing pillars 10 or carving pulpits ; let us have enough first of walls and roofs. Do the people need teaching from house to house, and bread from day to day ? Then they are deacons and ministers we want, not architects. I insist on this, I plead for this ; but let us examine 15 ourselves, and see if this be indeed the reason for our backwardness in the lesser work. The question is not between God's house and His poor : it is not between God's house and His gospel. It is between God's house and ours. Have we no tessellated colours 20 on our floors ? no frescoed fancies on our roofs ? no niched statuary in our corridors ? no gilded furniture in our chambers ? no costly stones in our cabinets ? Has even the tithe of these been offered ? They are, or they ought to be, the signs that enough has been 25

devoted to the great purposes of human stewardship, and that there remains to us what we can spend in luxury; but there is a greater and prouder luxury than this selfish one—that of bringing a portion of such things as these into sacred service, and presenting them for a memorial that our pleasure as well as our toil has been hallowed by the remembrance of Him who gave both the strength and the reward. And until this has been done, I do not see how such possessions can be retained in happiness. I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple. There is seldom even so severe a choice to be made, seldom so much self-denial to be exercised. There are isolated cases, in which men's happiness and mental activity depend upon a certain degree of luxury in their houses; but then this is true luxury, felt and tasted, and profited by. In the plurality of instances nothing of the kind is attempted, nor can be enjoyed; men's average resources cannot reach it; and that which they *can* reach gives them no pleasure, and might be spared.

I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care, and beauty, where they are possible; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities; cornicing of ceilings and graining of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands such; things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual—things on whose common appliance hang

whole trades, to which there never yet belonged the blessing of giving one ray of real pleasure, or becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use—things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness, and facility. I speak from experience: I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof, and a hearth of mica slate; and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier than living between a Turkey carpet and gilded ceiling, beside a steel grate and polished fender. I do not say that such things have not their place and propriety; but I say this, emphatically, that the tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomforts and encumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England; such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.

2. "The Lamp of Truth:" White Lies.

We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the colour of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief

from the untruth, and we are little offended by it ;
turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it.
And yet it is not calumny and treachery that do the
largest sum of mischief in the world ; they are con-
5 tinually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered.
But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie ; the
amiable fallacy ; the patriotic lie of the historian, the
provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the
partizan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the care-
10 less lie of each man to himself, that cast that black
mystery over humanity, through which we thank any
man who pierces, as we would thank one who dug a
well in a desert ; happy that the thirst for truth still
remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the
15 fountains of it.

3. Art is not Deceit.

It might be at first thought that the whole kingdom
of imagination was one of deception also. Not so :
the action of the imagination is a voluntary summon-
ing of the conceptions of things absent or impossible ;
20 and the pleasure and nobility of the imagination
partly consist in its knowledge and contemplation of
them as such, *i.e.*, in the knowledge of their actual
absence or impossibility at the moment of their
apparent presence or reality. When the imagination
25 deceives, it becomes madness. It is a noble faculty
so long as it confesses its own ideality ; when it ceases
to confess this, it is insanity. All the difference lies
in the fact of the confession, in there being *no* decep-
tion. It is necessary to our rank as spiritual creatures,
30 that we should be able to invent and to behold what

is not; and to our rank as moral creatures, that we should know and confess at the same time that it is not.

Again, it might be thought, and has been thought, that the whole art of painting is nothing else than an endeavour to deceive. Not so: it is, on the contrary, a statement of certain facts in the clearest possible way. For instance: I desire to give an account of a mountain or of a rock; I begin by telling its shape. But words will not do this distinctly, and I draw its shape, and say, "This was its shape." Next: I would fain represent its colour; but words will not do this either, and I dye the paper, and say, "This was its colour." Such a process may be carried on until the scene appears to exist, and a high pleasure may be taken from its apparent existence. This is a communicated act of imagination, but no lie. The lie can consist only in an *assertion* of its existence (which is never for one instant made, implied, or believed), or else in false statements of forms and colours (which are, indeed, made and believed, to our great loss, continually). And observe, also, that so degrading a thing is deception in even the approach and appearance of it, that all painting which ever reaches the mark of apparent realization is degraded in so doing.

4. Architectural Deceits: Painting.

For instance, the roof of Milan Cathedral is seemingly covered with elaborate fan tracery, forcibly enough painted to enable it, in its dark and removed

position, to deceive a careless observer. This is, of course, gross degradation; it destroys much of the dignity even of the rest of the building, and is in the very strongest terms to be reprehended.

- 5 The roof of the Sistine Chapel has much architectural design in grisaille mingled with the figures of its frescoes; and the effect is increase of dignity.

In what lies the distinctive character?

- In two points, principally:—The first, that the
10 architecture is so closely associated with the figures, and has so grand fellowship with them in its forms and cast shadows, that both are at once felt to be of a piece; and as the figures must necessarily be painted, the architecture is known to, be so too.
15 There is thus no deception.

- The second, that so great a painter as Michael Angelo would always stop short, in such minor parts of his design, of the degree of vulgar force which would be necessary to induce the supposition of their
20 reality; and, strangely as it may sound, would never paint badly enough to deceive.

5. Architectural Deceits: Carving.

- Ornament has two entirely distinct sources or agreeableness: one, that of the abstract beauty of its forms, which for the present, we will suppose to be the same
25 they come from the hand or the machine; the other, the sense of human labour and care spent upon it. How great this latter influence we may perhaps judge, by considering that there is not a cluster of weeds growing in any cranny of ruin which
30 has not a beauty in all respects *nearly* equal, and,

•in some, immeasurably superior, to that of the most elaborate sculpture of its stones: and that all our interest in the carved work, our sense of its richness, though it is tenfold less rich than the knots of grass beside it; of its delicacy, though it is a thousandfold less delicate; of its admirableness, though a million-fold less admirable; results from our consciousness of its being the work of poor, clumsy, toilsome man. Its true delightfulness depends on our discovering in it the record of thoughts, and intents, and trials, and heart-breakings—of recoveries and joyfulnesses of success: all this *can* be traced by a practised eye; but, granting it even obscure, it is presumed or understood; and in that is the worth of the thing, just as much as the worth of anything else we call precious. The worth of a diamond is simply the understanding of the time it must take to look for it before it is found; and the worth of an ornament is the time it must take before it can be cut. It has an intrinsic value besides, which the diamond has not; (for a diamond has no more real beauty than a piece of glass;) but I do not speak of that at present; I place the two on the same ground; and I suppose that hand-wrought ornament can no more be generally known from machine work, than a diamond can be known from paste; nay, that the latter may deceive, for a moment, the mason's, as the other the jeweller's, eye; and that it can be detected only by the closest examination. Yet exactly as a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a builder of honour disdain false ornaments. The using of them is just as downright and inexcusable a lie. You use that which pretends to a worth which it has not; which pretends to have cost, and

to be, what it did not, and is not ; it is an imposition, a vulgarity, an impertinence, and a sin. Down with it to the ground, grind it to powder, leave its ragged place upon the wall, rather ; you have not paid for it, you have no business with it, you do not want it. Nobody wants ornaments in this world, but everybody wants integrity. All the fair devices that ever were fancied, are not worth a lie. Leave your walls as bare as a planed board, or build them of baked mud and chopped straw, if need be, but do not rough-cast them with falsehood.

6. "The Lamp of Power : " Nature's School of Design.

There are not five men in the kingdom who could compose, not twenty who could cut, the foliage with which the windows of Or San Michele are adorned ; but there is many a village clergyman who could invent and dispose its black openings, and not a village mason who could not cut them. Lay a few clover or woodroof leaves on white paper, and a little alteration in their positions will suggest figures which, cut boldly through a slab of marble, would be worth more window traceries than an architect could draw in a summer's day. But I know not how it is, unless that our English hearts have more oak than stone in them, and have more filial sympathy with acorns than Alps ; but all that we do is small and mean, if not worse—thin, and wasted, and unsubstantial. It is not modern work only, we have built like frogs and mice since the thirteenth century (except only in our castles). What a contrast between the pitiful little

pigeon-holes which stand for doors in the east front of Salisbury, looking like the entrances to a bee-hive or a wasp's nest, and the soaring arches and kingly crowning of the gates of Abbeville, Rouen, and Rheims, or the rock-hewn piers of Chartres, or the dark and vaulted porches and writhed pillars of Verona! Of domestic architecture what need is there to speak? How small, how cramped, how poor, how miserable in its petty neatness, is our best! how beneath the mark of attack, and the level of contempt, that which is common with us! What a strange sense of formalized deformity, of shrivelled precision, of starved accuracy, of minute misanthropy, have we, as we leave even the rude streets of Picardy for the market-towns of Kent! Until that street architecture of ours is bettered, until we give it some size and boldness, until we give our windows recess, and our walls thickness, I know not how we can blame our architects for their feebleness in more important work; their eyes are inured to narrowness and slightness: can we expect them at a word to conceive and deal with breadth and solidity? They ought not to live in our cities; there is that in their miserable walls which bricks up to death men's imaginations, as surely as ever perished forsworn nun. An architect should live as little in cities as a painter. Send him to our hills, and let him study there what nature understands by a buttress, and what by a dome. There was something in the old power of architecture, which it had from the recluse more than from the citizen. The buildings of which I have spoken with chief praise, rose, indeed, out of the war of the piazza, and above the fury of the populace; and Heaven

forbid that for such cause we should ever have to lay a larger stone, or rivet a firmer bar, in our England ! But we have other sources of power, in the imagery of our iron coasts and azure hills ; of power more
 5 pure, nor less serene, than that of the hermit spirit which once lighted with white lines of cloisters the glades of the Alpine pine, and raised into ordered spires the wild rocks of the Norman sea ; which gave to the temple gate the depth and darkness of Elijah's
 10 Horeb cave ; and lifted out o' the populous city, grey cliffs of lonely stone, into the midst of sailing birds and silent air.

7. "The Lamp of Beauty : " the Place of Ornament.

Must not beauty, then, it will be asked, be sought for in the forms which we associate with our every-
 15 day life ? Yes, if you do it consistently, and in places where it can be calmly seen ; but not if you use the beautiful form only as a mask and covering of the proper conditions and uses of things, nor if you thrust it into the places set apart for toil. Put it
 20 in the drawing-room, not into the workshop ; put it upon domestic furniture, not upon tools of handicraft. All men have sense of what is right in this matter, if they would only use and apply that sense ; every man knows where and how beauty gives him pleasure,
 25 if he would only ask for it when it does so, and not allow it to be forced upon him when he does not want it. Ask any one of the passengers over London Bridge at this instant whether he cares about the forms of the bronze leaves on its lamps, and he will
 30 tell you, No. Modify these forms of leaves to a less

scale, and put them on his milk-jug at breakfast, and ask him whether he likes them, and he will tell you, Yes. People have no need of teaching if they could only think and speak truth, and ask for what they like and want, and for nothing else: nor can a right disposition of beauty be ever arrived at except by this common sense, and allowance for the circumstances of the time and place. It does not follow, because bronze leafage is in bad taste on the lamps of London Bridge, that it would be so on those of the Ponte della Trinità; nor, because it would be a folly to decorate the house fronts of Gracechurch Street, that it would be equally so to adorn those of some quiet provincial town. The question of greatest external or internal decoration depends entirely on the conditions of probable repose. It was a wise feeling which made the streets of Venice so rich in external ornament, for there is no couch of rest like the gondola. So, again, there is no subject of street ornament so wisely chosen as the fountain, where it is a fountain of use; for it is just there that perhaps the happiest pause takes place in the labour of the day, when the pitcher is rested on the edge of it, and the breath of the bearer is drawn deeply, and the hair swept from the forehead, and the uprightness of the form declined against the marble ledge, and the sound of the kind word or light laugh mixes with the trickle of the falling water, heard shriller and shriller as the pitcher fills. What pause is so sweet as that—so full of the depth of ancient days, so softened with the calm of pastoral solitude?

8. Giotto's Tower at Florence.

The characteristics of Power and Beauty occur more or less in different buildings, some in one and some in another. But all together, and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as
5 I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto at Florence.

In its first appeal to the stranger's eye there is something unpleasing; a mingling, as it seems to him, of over-severity with over-minuteness. But let
10 him give it time, as he should to all other consummate art. I remember well how, when a boy, I used to despise that Campanile, and think it meanly smooth and finished. But I have since lived beside it many a day, and looked out upon it from my windows by
15 sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not soon forget how profound and gloomy appeared to me the savageness of the Northern Gothic, when I afterwards stood, for the first time, beneath the front of Salisbury. The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt,
20 between the rising of those grey walls out of their quiet swarded space, like dark and barren rocks out of a green lake, with their rude, mouldering, rough-grained shafts, and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martins' nests in the height
25 of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the Eastern sky, that serene height of mountain
30 alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased

like a sea-shell. And if this be, as I believe it, the model and mirror of perfect architecture, is there not something to be learned by looking back to the early life of him who raised it? I said that the Power of human mind had its growth in the Wilderness; much more must the love and the conception of that beauty, whose every line and hue we have seen to be, at the best, a faded image of God's daily work, and an arrested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly in the places which He has gladdened by planting there the fir-tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence, but among the far-away fields of her lilies, was the child trained who was to raise that headstone of Beauty above her towers of watch and war. Remember all that he became; count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the heart of Italy; ask those who followed him what they learned at his feet; and when you have numbered his labours, and received their testimony, if it seem to you that God had verily poured out upon this His servant no common nor restrained portion of His Spirit, and that he was indeed a king among the children of men, remember also that the legend upon his crown was that of David's:—"I took thee from the shepcote, and from following the sheep."

9. "The Lamp of Life:" Hand and heart, for work of art.

I believe the right question to ask, respecting all ornament, is simply this: Was it done with enjoyment—was the carver happy while he was about it? It may be the hardest work possible, and the harder

because so much pleasure was taken in it ; but it must have been happy too, or it will not be living. How much of the stonemason's toil this condition would exclude I hardly venture to consider, but the condition
5 is absolute. There is a Gothic church lately built near Rouen, vile enough, indeed, in its general composition, but excessively rich in detail ; many of the details are designed with taste, and all evidently by a man who has studied old work closely. But it is all
10 as dead as leaves in December ; there is not one tender touch, not one warm stroke, on the whole façade. The men who did it hated it, and were thankful when it was done. And so long as they do so they are merely loading your walls with shapes of
15 clay : the garlands of everlastings in Père la Chaise are more cheerful ornaments. You cannot get the feeling by paying for it—money will not buy life. I am not sure even that you can get it by watching or waiting for it. It is true that here and there a work-
20 man may be found who has it in him, but he does not rest contented in the inferior work—he struggles forward into an Academician ; and from the mass of available handicraftsmen the power is gone—how recoverable I know not : this only I know, that all
25 expense devoted to sculptural ornament, in the present condition of that power, comes literally under the head of Sacrifice for the sacrifice's sake, or worse. I believe the only manner of rich ornament that is open to us is the geometrical colour-mosaic, and that much
30 might result from our strenuously taking up this mode of design. But, at all events, one thing we have in our power—the doing without machine-ornament and cast-iron work. All the stamped metals, and artificial

stones, and imitation woods and bronzes, over the invention of which we hear daily exultation—all the short, and cheap, and easy ways of doing that whose difficulty is its honour—are just so many new obstacles in our already encumbered road. They 5 will not make one of us happier or wiser—they will extend neither the pride of judgment nor the privilege of enjoyment. They will only make us shallower in our understandings, colder in our hearts, and feebler in our wits. And most justly. For we are not sent 10 into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily: neither is to be done by halves and shifts, 15 but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared 20 if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense, to come between it and the things it rules: and he who would 25 form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in 30 human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapour that appears for

little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of Heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace, and rolling of the Wheel.

10. "The Lamp of Memory:" Pine Forest in the Jura.

5 Among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude, as having been marked by more than ordinary fulness of joy or clearness of teaching, is one passed, now some years ago, near time of sunset, among the broken masses
 10 of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura. It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness, of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and
 15 of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills; the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained;
 20 and the far-reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far-off stormy sea. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony. The destructive forces and the stern
 25 expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forests; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers rend their rude and change-
 ful

ways among her rocks. Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of 5 among all the blessings of the earth. It was Spring-time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There 10 was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into *nebulæ*; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the *Mois de Marie*, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and 15 touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and, ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey, and mezerion, and the small sapphire buds of the *Polygala Alpina*, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss. It came out presently on the edge of the ravine: the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with 25 the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and, on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by grey cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the 30 pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with a fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding

and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam-globes moving with him as he flew. It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavoured, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever-springing flowers and ever-flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux, and the four-square keep of Granson.

11. Our Inheritance in Historic Buildings.

God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits

which it was in our power to bequeath. And this the more, because it is one of the appointed conditions of the labour of men that, in proportion to the time between the seed-sowing and the harvest, is the fulness of the fruit; and that generally, therefore, the farther 5 off we place our aim, and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have laboured for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success. Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them; 10 and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave.

Nor is there, indeed, any present loss, in such respect for futurity. Every human action gains, in 15 honour, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art, whose 20 majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on 25 stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us." For, indeed, the greatest glory of a 30 building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even

of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls, that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character
5 of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten
10 and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations ; it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture ; and it is not until a building
15 has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural
20 objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess of language and of life.

12. "The Lamp of Obedience : " The Law of Liberty.

If by Liberty you mean chastisement of the passions, discipline of the intellect, subjection of the will ; if
25 you mean the fear of inflicting, the shame of committing, a wrong ; if you mean respect for all who are in authority, and consideration for all who are in dependence ; veneration for the good, mercy to the evil, sympathy with the weak ; if you mean watchful-
30 ness over all thoughts, temperance in all pleasures,

*and perseverance in all toils ; if you mean, in a word, that Service which is defined in the liturgy of the English Church to be perfect Freedom, why do you name this by the same word by which the luxurious mean licence, and the reckless mean change ; by 5 which the rogue means rapine, and the fool, equality ; by which the proud mean anarchy, and the malignant mean violence ? Call it by any name rather than this, but its best and truest is Obedience. Obedience is, indeed, founded on a kind of freedom, else it 10 would become mere subjugation, but that freedom is only granted that obedience may be more perfect ; and thus, while a measure of licence is necessary to exhibit the individual energies of things, the fairness and pleasantness and perfection of them all consist 15 in their Restraint. The noblest word in the catalogue of social virtue is " Loyalty," and the sweetest which men have learned in the pastures of the wilderness is " Fold."

From

"THE STONES OF VENICE."

1. From Padua to Venice.

COME with me, on an autumnal morning, through the dark gates of Padua, and let us take the broad road leading towards the east.

It lies level, for a league or two, between its elms, and vine festoons full laden, their thin leaves veined into scarlet hectic, and their clusters deepened into gloomy blue; then mounts an embankment above the Brenta, and runs between the river and the broad plain, which stretches to the north in endless lines of mulberry and maize. The Brenta flows slowly, but strongly; a muddy volume of yellowish-grey water, that neither hastens nor slackens, but glides heavily between its monotonous banks, with here and there a short, babbling eddy twisted for an instant into its opaque surface, and vanishing, as if something had been dragged into it and gone down. Dusty and shadeless, the road fares along the dyke on its northern side; and the tall white tower of Dolo is seen trembling in the heat-mist far away, and never seems nearer than it did at first. Presently, you pass one of the much-vaunted "villas on the Brenta": a glaring, spectral shell of brick and stucco, its windows with painted architraves like picture-frames, and a courtyard paved with pebbles in front of it, all burning in the thick glow of the feverish sunshine, but fenced from the high-road, for

magnificence' sake, with goodly posts and chains; then another, of Kew Gothic, with Chinese variations, painted red and green; a third, composed for the greater part of dead wall, with fictitious windows painted upon it, each with a pea-green blind, and a 5 classical architrave in bad perspective; and a fourth, with stucco figures set on the top of its garden-wall: some antique, like the kind to be seen at the corner of the New Road, and some of cluinsy grotesque dwarfs, with fat bodies and large boots. This is the 10 architecture to which her studies of the Renaissance have conducted modern Italy.

The sun climbs steadily, and warms into intense white the walls of the little piazza of Dolo, where we change horses. Another dreary stage among the 15 now divided branches of the Brenta, forming irregular and half-stagnant canals; with one or two more villas on the other side of them, but these of the old Venetian type, which we may have recognized before at Padua, and sinking fast into utter ruin, black, and 20 rent, and lonely, set close to the edge of the dull water, with what were once small gardens beside them, kneaded into mud, and with blighted fragments of gnarled hedges and broken stakes for their fencing; and here and there a few fragments of 25 marble steps, which have once given them graceful access from the water's edge, now settling into the mud in broken joints, all aslope, and slippery with green weed. At last the road turns sharply to the north, and there is an open space, covered with 30 bent grass, on the right of it: but do not look that way.

Five minutes more, and we are in the upper room.

of the little inn at Mestre, glad of a moment's rest in shade. The table is (always, I think) covered with a cloth of nominal white and perennial grey, with plates and glasses at due intervals, and small
5 loaves of a peculiar white bread, made with oil, and more like knots of flour than bread. The view from its balcony is not cheerful: a narrow street, with a solitary brick church and barren campanile on the other side of it; and some conventual buildings, with
10 a few crimson remnants of fresco about their windows: and, between them and the street, a ditch with some slow current in it, and one or two small houses beside it, one with an arbour of roses at its door, as in an English tea-garden; the air, however,
15 about us having in it nothing of roses, but a close smell of garlic and crabs, warmed by the smoke of various stands of hot chestnuts. There is much vociferation also going on beneath the window respecting certain wheelbarrows which are in rivalry
20 for our baggage; we appease their rivalry with our best patience, and follow them down the narrow street.

We have but walked some two hundred yards when we come to a low wharf or quay, at the extremity of
25 a canal, with long steps on each side down to the water, which latter we fancy for an instant has become black with stagnation; another glance undeceives us,—it is covered with the black boats of Venice. We enter one of them, rather to try if they
30 ~~are~~ real boats or not, than with any definite purpose, glide away; at first feeling as if the water were yielding continually beneath the boat and letting her sink into soft vacancy. It is something clearer than

any water we have seen lately, and of a pale green ; the banks only two or three feet above it, of mud and rank grass, with here and there a stunted tree ; gliding swiftly past the small casement of the gondola, as if they were dragged by upon a painted scene. 5

Stroke by stroke, we count the plunges of the oar, each heaving up the side of the boat slightly as her silver beak shoots forward. We lose patience, and extricate ourselves from the cushions : the sea air blows keenly by, as we stand leaning on the roof 10 of the floating cell. In front, nothing to be seen but long canal and level bank ; to the west, the tower of Mestre is lowering fast, and behind it there have risen purple shades, of the colour of dead rose-leaves, all round the horizon, feebly defined against the after- 15 noon sky,—the Alps of Bassano. Forward still : the endless canal bends at last, and then breaks into intricate angles about some low bastions, now torn to pieces and staggering in ugly rents towards the water,— the bastions of the fort of Malghera. Another 20 turn, and another perspective of canal ; but not interminable. The silver beak cleaves it fast,—it widens : the rank grass of the banks sinks lower and lower, and at last dies in tawny knots along an expanse of weedy shore. Over it, on the right, but a few years 25 back, we might have seen the lagoon stretching to the horizon, and the warm southern sky bending over Malamocco to the sea. Now we can see nothing but what seems a low and monotonous dockyard wall, with flat arches to let the tide through it ;—this is the 30 railroad bridge, conspicuous above all things. But at the end of those dismal arches there rises, out of the wide water, a straggling line of low and confused

brick buildings, which, but for the many towers which are mingled among them, might be the suburbs of an English manufacturing town. Four or five domes, pale, and apparently at a greater distance, rise over the centre of the line; but the object which first catches the eye is a sullen cloud of black smoke brooding over the northern half of it, and which issues from the belfry of a church.

It is Venice.

2. Venice, as seen from the Lagoon.

The aspect of the city itself was generally the source of some slight disappointment, for, seen in this direction, its buildings are far less characteristic than those of the other great towns of Italy; but this inferiority was partly disguised by distance, and more than atoned for by the strange rising of its walls and towers out of the midst, as it seemed, of the deep sea; for it was impossible that the mind or the eye could at once comprehend the shallowness of the vast sheet of water which stretched away in leagues of rippling lustre to the north and south, or trace the narrow line of islets bounding it to the east. The salt breeze, the white moaning sea-birds, the masses of black weed separating and disappearing gradually, in knots of heaving shoal, under the advance of the steady tide, all proclaimed it to be indeed the ocean on whose bosom the great city rested so calmly; not such blue, soft, lake-like ocean as bathes the Neapolitan promontories, or sleeps beneath the marble rocks of Genoa; but a sea with the bleak power of our own northern waves, yet subdued into a strange spacious rest, and

changed from its angry pallor into a field of burnished gold, as the sun declined behind the belfry tower of the lonely island church, fitly named "St. George of the Seaweed." As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveller had just left sank behind him into one long, low, sad-coloured line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows : but, at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of Arquà rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon ; two or three smooth surges of inferior hill extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Vicenza, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north—a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of Cadore, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, where the sun struck opposite upon its snow, into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the barred clouds of evening, one after another, countless, the crown of the Adrian Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them, to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles of Murano, and on the great city, where it magnified itself along the waves, as the quick silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer. And at last, when its walls were reached, and the outmost of its untrodden streets was entered, not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian Sea ; when first upon the traveller's sight opened the long ranges of columned palaces,—each with its black boat moored at the portal,—each with its image cast down, beneath its feet, upon that green

'pavement which every breeze broke into new fantasies of rich tessellation ; when first, at the extremity of the bright vista, the shadowy Rialto threw its colossal curve slowly forth from behind the palace of the
5 Camerlenghi ; that strange curve, so delicate, so adamantine, strong as a mountain cavern, graceful as a bow just bent ; when first, before its moonlike circumference was all risen, the gondolier's cry, " Ah ! Stah," struck sharp upon the ear, and the prow turned
10 aside under the mighty cornices that half met over the narrow canal, where the plash of the water followed close and loud, ringing along the marble by the boat's side ; and when at last that boat darted forth upon the breadth of silver sea, across which the front of
15 the Ducal Palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our Lady of Salvation, it was no marvel that the mind should be so deeply entranced by the visionary charm of a scene so beautiful and so strange, as to forget the darker truths of
20 its history and its being. Well might it seem that such a city had owed her existence rather to the rod of the enchanter, than the fear of the fugitive ; that the waters which encircled her had been chosen for the mirror of her state, rather than the shelter of her
25 nakedness ; and that all which in nature was wild or merciless,—Time and Decay, as well as the waves and tempests,—had been won to adorn her instead of to destroy, and might still spare, for ages to come, that beauty which seemed to have fixed
30 for its throne the sands of the hour-glass as well as of the sea.

3. An English Cathedral and St. Mark's.

I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we 5 can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low grey gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply 10 the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden 15 cornices and eaves painted cream-colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old- 20 fashioned, but of red brick, and with garden behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth 25 grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canons' children are walking with their nurserymaids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a 30 time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the

dark places* between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on
5 earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven ; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered and grey, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into
10 yet unseemlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold ; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and
15 only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet
20 so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and the sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous,
25 drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock ; and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries,
30 and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the

river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Caile Lunga San Moisè, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen,—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Overhead an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues, pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors: intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscoted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper

sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print coloured and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two
5 on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here, at the fruiterer's, where the dark-green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon-balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there
10 is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittole e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back
15 shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vino Nostro a Soldi 28.32," the Madonna is in great glory, en-
20 throned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they
25 have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer
30 wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St.

Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, 5 and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there 10 opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the 15 rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted 20 shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it 25 far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, coiled with fair mosaic, 30 and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory, sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and

pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper, and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolt, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray,

as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very 5 birds that haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, 10 changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

4. Interior of St. Mark's.

Let us enter the church itself. It is lost in twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some 15 moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow aper- 20 tures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colours along the floor. What else there is of light 25 is from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back, at every curve and angle, some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the 30

heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapt round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms, and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her, "Mother of God," she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always, burning in the centre of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment.

Nor is this interior without effect on the minds of the people. At every hour of the day there are groups collected before the various shrines, and solitary worshippers scattered through the darker

places of the church, evidently in prayer both deep and reverent, and, for the most part, profoundly sorrowful. The step of the stranger does not disturb those who kneel on the pavement of St. Mark's; and hardly a moment passes, from early morning to sunset, in which we may not see some half-veiled figure enter beneath the Arabian porch, cast itself into long abasement on the floor of the temple, and then rising slowly with more confirmed step, and with a passionate kiss and clasp of the arms given to the feet of the crucifix, by which the lamps burn always in the northern aisle, leave the church as if comforted.

5. Bird's-eye-view of Europe :—Influence of Physical Geography on Art.

The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge; but I have never yet seen any one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between Northern and Southern countries. We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fulness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the districts of the gentian and of the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind. Let us, for a moment, try to raise ourselves

even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun: here and there an angry spot of thunder, a grey stain
5 of storm, moving upon the burning field; and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes; but for the most part a great peacefulness of light, Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to
10 them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel and orange, and plummy palm, that abate with
15 their grey-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand. Then let us pass farther towards the north, until we see the orient colours change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures
20 of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in grey swirls of rain-cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low
25 along the pasture lands: and then, farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amidst the
30 northern seas, beaten by storm, and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind

bites their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, deathlike, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight.

And, having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life: the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sands of the southern zone; striped zebras and spotted leopards, glistening serpents, and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy of colour, and swiftness of motion, with the frost-cramped strength, and shaggy covering, and dusky plumage of the northern tribes; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of paradise with the osprey: and then, submissively acknowledging the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being, let us not condemn, but rejoice in the expression by man of his own rest in the statutes of the lands that gave him birth. Let us watch him with reverence as he sets side by side the burning gems, and smooths with soft sculpture the jasper pillars, that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky: but not with less reverence let us stand by him, when, with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall, instinct with a work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea; creations of ungainly

shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life; fierce as the winds that beat, and changeful as the clouds that shade them.

6. The Plea for the Craftsmen.

Reader, look round this English room of yours,
5 about which you have been proud so often, because the work of it was so good and strong, and the ornaments of it so finished. Examine again all those accurate mouldings, and perfect polishings, and unerring adjustments of the seasoned wood and tempered
10 steel. Many a time you have exulted over them, and thought how great England was, because her slightest work was done so thoroughly. Alas! if read rightly, these perfectnesses are signs of a slavery in our England a thousand times more bitter and more
15 degrading than that of the scourged African or helot Greek. Men may be beaten, chained, tormented, yoked like cattle, slaughtered like summer flies, and yet remain in one sense, and the best sense, free. But to smother their souls within them, to blight and
20 hew into rotting pollards the suckling branches of their human intelligence, to make the flesh and skin which, after the worm's work on it, is to see God, into leathern thongs to yoke machinery with,—this it is to be slave-masters indeed; and there might be more
25 freedom in England, though her feudal lords' lightest words were worth men's lives, and though the blood of the vexed husbandman dropped in the furrows of her fields, than there is while the animation of her multitudes is sent like fuel to feed the factory smoke,
30 and the strength of them is given daily to be wasted

into the fineness of a web, or racked into the exactness of a line.

And, on the other hand, go forth again to gaze upon the old Cathedral front, where you have smiled so often at the fantastic ignorance of the old sculptors ; 5 examine once more those ugly goblins, and formless monsters, and stern statues, anatomiless and rigid ; but do not mock at them, for they are signs of the life and liberty of every workman who struck the stone ; a freedom of thought, and rank in scale of 10 being, such as no laws, no charters, no charities can secure ; but which it must be the first aim of all Europe at this day to regain for her children.

Let me not be thought to speak wildly or extravagantly. It is verily this degradation of the operative 15 into a machine, which, more than any other evil of the times, is leading the mass of the nations everywhere into vain, incoherent, destructive struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves. Their universal outcry against wealth, 20 and against nobility, is not forced from them either by the pressure of famine, or the sting of mortified pride. These do much, and have done much in all ages ; but the foundations of society were never yet shaken as they are at this day. It is not that men 25 are ill-fed, but that they have no pleasure in the work by which they make their bread, and therefore look to wealth as the only means of pleasure. • It is not that men are pained by the scorn of the upper classes, but they cannot endure their own ; for they 30 feel that the kind of labour to which they are condemned is verily a degrading one, and makes them less than men. Never had the upper classes so much

sympathy with the lower, or charity for them, as they have at this day, and yet never were they so much hated by them: for, of old, the separation between the noble and the poor was merely a wall built by law; now it is a veritable difference in level of standing, a precipice between upper and lower grounds in the field of humanity, and there is pestilential air at the bottom of it. I know not if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man, to labour for him, yield reverence to him or to his place, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty—liberty from care. The man who says to one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, has, in most cases, more sense of restraint and difficulty than the man who obeys him. The movements of the one are hindered by the burden on his shoulder; of the other, by the bridle on his lips: there is no way by which the burden may be lightened; but we need not suffer from the bridle if we do not champ at it. To yield reverence to another, to hold ourselves and our lives at his disposal, is not slavery; often, it is the noblest state in which a man can live in this world. There is, indeed, a reverence which is servile, that is to say, irrational or selfish: but there is also noble reverence, that is to say, reasonable and loving; and a man is never so noble as when he is reverent in this kind; nay, even if the feeling pass the bounds of mere reason, so that it be loving, a man is raised by it. Which had, in reality, most of the serf nature in him,—the Irish peasant who was lying in wait yesterday for his landlord, with his musket muzzle thrust through the ragged hedge; or that old mountain

servant) who, two hundred years ago, at Inverkeithing, gave up his own life and the lives of his seven sons for his chief?—as each fell calling forth his brother to the death, “Another for Hector!” And therefore, in all ages and all countries, reverence has been paid and sacrifice made by men to each other, not only without complaint, but rejoicingly; and famine, and peril, and sword, and all evil, and all shame, have been borne willingly in the causes of masters and kings; for all these gifts of the heart ennobled the men who gave, not less than the men who received them, and nature prompted, and God rewarded the sacrifice. But to feel their souls withering within them, unthanked; to find their whole being sunk into an unrecognized abyss; to be counted off into a heap of mechanism, numbered with its wheels, and weighed with its hammer-strokes; this nature bade not,—this God blesses not,—this humanity for no long time is able to endure.

We have much studied and much perfected, of late, the great civilised invention of the division of labour; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labour that is divided; but the men:—Divided into mere segments of men—broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin, or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin, or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished,—sand of human soul, much to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is,—we should think

there might be some loss in it also. "And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this,—that we manufacture everything there except men; 5 we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages. And all the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads 10 can be met only in one way: not by teaching nor preaching, for to teach them is but to show them their misery, and to preach to them, if we do nothing more than preach, is to mock at it. It can be met only by a right understanding, on the part of all classes, 15 of what kinds of labour are good for men, raising them, and making them happy; by a determined sacrifice of such convenience, or beauty, or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workman; and by equally determined demand for 20 the products and results of healthy and ennobling labour.

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ON THE THEORY AND HISTORY OF LANDSCAPE ART.

1. What is Poetry?

"THE suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions." I mean, by the noble emotions, those four principal sacred passions—Love, Veneration, Admiration, and Joy (this latter especially, if unselfish); and their opposites—Hatred, Indignation (or Scorn), Horror, and Grief,—this last, when unselfish, becoming Compassion. These passions in their various combinations constitute what is called "poetical feeling," when they are felt on noble grounds, that is, on great and true grounds. Indignation, for instance, is a poetical feeling, if excited by serious injury; but it is not a poetical feeling if entertained on being cheated out of a small sum of money. It is very possible the manner of the cheat may have been such as to justify considerable indignation; but the feeling is nevertheless not poetical unless the grounds of it be large as well as just. In like manner, energetic admiration may be excited in certain minds by a display of fireworks, or a street of handsome shops; but the feeling is not poetical, because the grounds of it are false, and therefore ignoble. There is in reality nothing to deserve admiration either in the firing of packets of gunpowder, or in the display of the stocks of warehouses. But admiration

excited by the budding of a flower is a poetical feeling, because it is impossible that this manifestation of spiritual power and vital beauty can ever be enough admired.

- 5 Farther, it is necessary to the existence of poetry that the grounds of these feelings should be *furnished by the imagination*. Poetical feeling, that is to say, mere noble emotion, is not poetry. It is happily inherent in all human nature deserving the name, and
 10 is found often to be purest in the least sophisticated. But the power of assembling, by *the help of the imagination*, such images as will excite these feelings, is the power of the poet or literally of the "Maker."

2. The Imagination, addressed by Nature.

- 15 Examine the nature of your own emotion (if you feel it) at the sight of an Alp, and you find all the brightness of that emotion hanging, like dew on gossamer, on a curious web of subtle fancy and imperfect knowledge. First, you have a vague idea of its size,
 20 coupled with wonder at the work of the great Builder of its walls and foundations, then an apprehension of its eternity, a pathetic sense of its perpetualness, and your own transientness, as of the grass upon its sides; then, and in this very sadness, a sense of strange
 25 companionship with past generations in seeing what they saw. They did not see the clouds that are floating over your head: nor the cottage wall on the other side of the field; nor the road by which you are travelling. But they saw *that*. The wall of granite in the heavens was the same to them as to you. They

have ceased to look upon it; you will soon cease to look also, and the granite wall will be for others. Then, mingled with these more solemn imaginations, come the understandings of the gifts and glories of the Alps, the fancying forth of all the fountains that well from its rocky walls, and strong rivers that are born out of its ice, and of all the pleasant valleys that wind between its cliffs, and all the chalets that gleam among its clouds, and happy farmsteads couched upon its pastures; while together with the thoughts of these, rise strange sympathies with all the unknown of human life, and happiness, and death, signified by that narrow white flame of the everlasting snow, seen so far in the morning sky.

These images, and far more than these, lie at the root of the emotion which you feel at the sight of the Alp. You may not trace them in your heart, for there is a great deal more in your heart, of evil and good, than you ever can trace; but they stir you and quicken you for all that. Assuredly, so far as you feel more at beholding the snowy mountain than any other object of the same sweet silvery grey, these are the kind of images which cause you to do so; and, observe, these are nothing more than a greater apprehension of the *facts* of the thing. We call the power "Imagination," because it imagines or conceives; but it is only noble imagination if it imagines or conceives *the truth*. And, according to the degree of knowledge possessed, and of sensibility to the pathetic or impressive character of the things known, will be the degree of this imaginative delight.

2. The Imagination, addressed by Art: the Use of Pictures.

Now, observe, while, as it penetrates into the nature of things, the imagination is pre-eminently a beholder of things, *as they are*, it is, in its creative function, an eminent beholder of things *when* and *where* they are
 5 NOT; a seer, that is, in the prophetic sense, calling "the things that are not as though they were," and for ever delighting to dwell on that which is not tangibly present. And its great function being the calling forth, or back, that which is not visible to
 10 bodily sense, it has of course been made to take delight in the fulfilment of its proper function, and pre-eminently to enjoy, and spend its energy on, things past and future, or out of sight, rather than things present, or in sight. So that if the imagination
 15 is to be called to take delight in any object, it will not be always well, if we can help it, to put the *real* object there, before it. The imagination would on the whole rather have it *not* there;—the reality and substance are rather in the imagination's way; it
 20 would think a good deal more of the thing if it could not see it. Hence, that strange and sometimes fatal charm, which there is in all things as long as we wait for them, and the moment we have lost them; but which fades while we possess them;—that sweet
 25 bloom of all that is far away, which perishes under our touch. Yet the feeling of this is not a weakness; it is one of the most glorious gifts of the human mind, making the whole infinite future, and imperishable past, a richer inheritance, if faithfully inherited, than
 30 the changeful, frail, fleeting present; it is also one of

the many witnesses in us to the truth that these present and tangible things are not meant to satisfy us. The instinct becomes a weakness only when it is weakly indulged, and when the faculty which was intended by God to give back to us what we have lost, and gild for us what is to come, is so perverted as only to darken what we possess. But, perverted or pure, the instinct itself is everlasting, and the substantial presence even of the things which we love the best, will inevitably and for ever be found wanting in *one* strange and tender charm, which belonged to the dreams of them.

Farther, in consequence of that other character of the imagination, fatiguableness, it is a great advantage to the picture that it need not present too much at once, and that what it does present may be so chosen and ordered as not only to be more easily seized, but to give the imagination rest, and, as it were, places to lie down and stretch its limbs in; kindly vacancies, beguiling it back into action, with pleasant and cautious sequence of incident; all jarring thoughts being excluded, all vain redundancy ~~denied~~, and all just and sweet transition permitted.

And thus it is, that, for the most part, imperfect sketches, engravings, outlines, rude sculptures, and other forms of abstraction, possess a charm which the most finished picture frequently wants. For not only does the finished picture excite the imagination less, but, like nature itself, it *taxes* it more. None of it can be enjoyed till the imagination is brought to bear upon it; and the details of the completed picture are so numerous, that it needs greater strength and

willingness in the beholder to follow them all out; the redundancy, perhaps, being not too great for the mind of a careful observer, but too great for a casual or careless observer. So that, although the perfection
5 of art will always consist in the utmost *acceptable* completion, yet, as every added idea will increase the difficulty of apprehension, and every added touch advance the dangerous realism which makes the imagination languid, the difference between a noble and
10 ignoble painter is in nothing more sharply defined than in this,—that the first wishes to put into his work as much truth as possible, and yet to keep it looking *un-real*; the second wishes to get through his work lazily, with as little truth as possible, and yet to
15 make it look real; and, so far as they add colour to their abstract sketch, the first realizes for the sake of the colour, and the second colours for the sake of the realization.

And then, lastly, it is another infinite advantage
20 possessed by the picture, that in these various differences from reality it becomes the expression of the power and intelligence of a companionable human soul. In all this choice, arrangement, penetrative sight, and kindly guidance, we recognize a supernatural
25 operation, and perceive, not merely the landscape or incident as in a mirror, but, besides, the presence of what, after all, may perhaps be the most wonderful piece of divine work in the whole matter—the great human spirit through which it is manifested to us.
30 So that, although with respect to many important scenes, it might be one of the most precious gifts that could be given us to see them with *our own eyes*, yet also in many things it is more desirable to be

permitted to see them with the eyes of others; and although, to the small, conceited, and affected painter displaying his narrow knowledge and tiny dexterities, our only word may be, "Stand aside from between that nature and me:" yet to the great imaginative painter—greater a million times in every faculty of soul than we—our word may wisely be, "Come between this nature and me—this nature which is too great and too wonderful for me; temper it for me, interpret it to me; let me see with your eyes, and hear with your ears, and have help and strength from your great spirit."

4. Great Art.

The difference between great and mean art lies, not in definable methods of handling, or styles of representation, or choices of subjects, but wholly in the nobleness of the end to which the effort of the painter is addressed. We cannot say that a painter is great because he paints boldly, or paints delicately; because he generalizes or particularizes; because he loves detail, or because he disdains it. He is great if, by any of these means, he has laid open noble truths, or aroused noble emotions. It does not matter whether he paint the petal of a rose, or the chasms of a precipice, so that Love and Admiration attend him as he labours, and wait for ever upon his work. It does not matter whether he toil for months upon a few inches of his canvas, or cover a palace front with colour in a day, so only that it be with a solemn purpose that he has filled his heart with patience, or urged his hand to haste. And it does

not matter whether he seek for his subjects among peasants or nobles, among the heroic or the simple, in courts or in fields, so only that he behold all things with a thirst for beauty, and a hatred of mean-
 5 ness and vice. There are, indeed, certain methods of representation which are usually adopted by the most active minds, and certain characters of subject usually delighted in by the noblest hearts; but it is quite possible, quite easy, to adopt the manner of
 10 painting without sharing the activity of mind, and to imitate the choice of subject without possessing the nobility of spirit; while, on the other hand, it is altogether impossible to foretell on what strange objects the strength of a great man will sometimes
 15 be concentrated, or by what strange means he will sometimes express himself. So that true criticism of art never can consist in the mere application of rules; it can be just only when it is founded on quick sym-
 20 pathy with the innumerable instincts and changeful efforts of human nature, chastened and guided by unchanging love of all things that God has created to be beautiful, and pronounced to be good.

5. Great Artists.

The greatness or smallness of a man, in the most conclusive sense, determined for him at his
 25 birth, as strictly as it is determined for a fruit whether it is to be a currant or an apricot. Education, favourable circumstances, resolution, and industry can do much; in a certain sense they do *everything*; that is to say, they determine whether the poor apricot shall
 30 in the form of a green bead, blighted by the east

wind, and be trodden under foot, or whether it shall expand into tender pride, and sweet brightness of golden velvet. But apricot out of currant,—great man out of small,—did never yet art or effort make; and, in a general way, men have their excellence 5 nearly fixed for them when they are born; a little cramped and frost-bitten on one side, a little sun-burnt and fortune-spotted on the other, they reach, between good and evil chances, such size and taste as generally belong to the men of their calibre, and, 10 the small in their serviceable bunches, the great in their golden isolation, have, these no cause for regret, nor those for disdain.

Therefore it is, that every system of teaching is false, which holds forth "great art" as in any wise 15 to be taught to students, or even to be aimed at by them. Great art is precisely that which never was, nor will be taught; it is pre-eminently and finally the expression of the spirits of great men; so that the only wholesome teaching is that which simply en- 20 deavours to fix those characters of nobleness in the pupil's mind, of which it seems easily susceptible; and without holding out to him, as a possible or even probable result, that he should ever paint like Titian, or carve like Michael Angelo, enforces upon him the 25 manifest possibility, and assured duty, of endeavouring to draw in a manner at least honest and intelligible; and cultivates in him those general charities of heart, sincerities of thought, and graces of habit which are likely to lead him, throughout life, to 30 prefer openness to affectation, realities to shadows, and beauty to corruption.

6. Greek Life.

The Greeks lived in the midst of the most beautiful nature, and were as familiar with blue sea, clear air, and sweet outlines of mountain, as we are with brick walls, black smoke, and level fields. This perfect familiarity rendered all such scenes of natural beauty unexciting, if not indifferent to them, by lulling and over-wearying the imagination as far as it was concerned with such things; but there was another kind of beauty which they found it required effort to obtain, and which, when thoroughly obtained, seemed more glorious than any of this wild loveliness—the beauty of the human countenance and form. This, they perceived, could only be reached by continual exercise of virtue; and it was in Heaven's sight, and theirs, all the more beautiful because it needed this self-denial to obtain it. So they set themselves to reach this, and having gained it, gave it their principal thoughts, and set it off with beautiful dress as best they might. But making this their object, they were obliged to pass their lives in simple exercise and disciplined employments. Living wholesomely, giving themselves no fever fits, either by fasting or over-eating, constantly in the open air, and full of animal spirit and physical power, they became incapable of every morbid condition of mental emotion. Unhappy love, disappointed ambition, spiritual despondency, or any other disturbing sensation, had little power over the well-braced nerves, and healthy flow of the blood; and what bitterness might yet fasten on them was soon boxed or raced out of a boy, and spun or woven out of a girl, or danced out

of both. They had indeed their sorrows, true and deep, but still, more like children's sorrows than ours; whether bursting into open cry of pain, or hid with shuddering under the veil, still passing over the soul as clouds do over heaven, not sullyng it, not mingling 5 with it;—darkening it perhaps long or utterly, but still not becoming one with it, and for the most part passing away in dashing rain of tears, and leaving the man unchanged: in nowise affecting, as our sorrow does, the whole tone of his thought and imagination 10 thenceforward.

Farther, the human beauty, which, whether in its bodily being or in imagined divinity, had become, for the reasons we have seen, the principal object of culture and sympathy to these Greeks, was, in its per- 15 fection, eminently orderly, symmetrical, and tender. Hence, contemplating it constantly in this state, they could not but feel a proportionate fear of all that was disorderly, unbalanced, and rugged. Having trained their stoutest soldiers into a strength so delicate and 20 lovely, that their white flesh, with their blood upon it, should look like ivory stained with purple; and having always around them, in the motion and majesty of this beauty, enough for the full employment of their imagination, they shrank with dread or hatred from 25 all the ruggedness of lower nature,—from the wrinkled forest bark, the jagged hill-crest, and irregular, inorganic storm of sky; looking to these for the most part as adverse powers, and taking pleasure only in such portions of the lower world as were at once 30 conducive to the rest and health of the human frame, and in harmony with the laws of its gentler beauty.

7. The Homeric Ideal of Landscape.

As far as I recollect, without a single exception, every Homeric landscape, intended to be beautiful, is composed of a fountain, a meadow, and a shady grove. This ideal is very interestingly marked, as intended for a perfect one, in the fifth book of the Odyssey; when Mercury himself stops for a moment, though on a message, to look at a landscape "which even an immortal might be pladdened to behold." This landscape consists of a cave covered with a running vine, all blooming into grapes, and surrounded by a grove of alder, poplar, and sweet-smelling cypress. Four fountains of white (foaming) water, springing *in succession* (mark the orderliness), and close to one another, flow away in different directions, through a meadow full of violets and parsley (parsley, to mark its moisture, being elsewhere called "marsh-nourished," and associated with the lotus); the air is perfumed not only by these violets, and by the sweet cypress, but by Calypso's fire of finely-chopped cedar wood, which sends a smoke, as of incense, through the island; Calypso herself is singing; and finally, upon the trees are resting, or roosting, owls, hawks, and "long-tongued sea-crows." Whether these last are considered as a part of the ideal landscape, as marine singing-birds, I know not; but the approval of Mercury appears to be elicited chiefly by the fountains and violet meadow.

If we glance through the references to pleasant landscape which occur in other parts of the Odyssey, we shall always be struck by the quiet subjection of

their every feature to human service, and by the excessive similarity in the scenes. Perhaps the spot intended, after this, to be most perfect, may be the garden of Alcinous, where the principal ideas are, still more definitely, order, symmetry, and fruitfulness ; 5 the beds being duly ranged between rows of vines, which, as well as the pear, apple, and fig-trees, bear fruit continually, some grapes being yet sour, while others are getting black ; there are plenty of "orderly square beds of herbs," chiefly leeks, and two fountains, 10 one running through the garden, and one under the pavement of the palace, to a reservoir for the citizens. Ulysses, pausing to contemplate this scene, is described nearly in the same terms as Mercury pausing to contemplate the wilder meadow ; and it is interesting to 15 observe, that, in spite of all Homer's love of symmetry, the god's admiration is excited by the free fountains, wild violets, and wandering vine ; but the mortal's, by the vines in rows, the leeks in beds, and the fountains in pipes. 20

Ulysses has, however, one touching reason for loving vines in rows. His father had given him fifty rows for himself, when he was a boy, with corn between them (just as it now grows in Italy). Proving his identity afterwards to his father, whom he finds at 25 work in his garden, "with thick gloves on, to keep his hands from the thorns," he reminds him of these fifty rows of vines, and of the "thirteen pear-trees and ten apple-trees" which he had given him : and Laertes faints upon his neck. 30

When Ulysses first comes in sight of land, which gladdens him "as the reviving of a father from his sickness gladdens his children," it is not merely the

sight of the land itself which gives him¹ such pleasure, but of the "land and *wood*." Homer never throws away any words, at least in such a place as this; and what in another poet would have been merely the
5 filling up of the deficient line with an otherwise useless word, is in him the expression of the general Greek sense, that land of any kind was in nowise grateful or acceptable till there was *wood* upon it (or corn; but the corn, in the flats, could not be seen so far as
10 the black masses of forest on the hillsides), and that, as in being rushy and corn-giving, the low land, so in being woody, the high land was most grateful to the mind of the man who for days and nights had been wearied on the engulfing sea. And this general
15 idea of wood and corn, as the types of the fatness of the whole earth, is beautifully marked in another place of the Odyssey, where the sailors in a desert island, having no flour of corn to offer as a meat offering with their sacrifices, take the leaves of the trees, and
20 scatter them over the burnt offering instead.

Now, exactly this same contemplation of subservience to human use makes the Greek take some
- pleasure in *rocks*, when they assume one particular form, but one only—that of a *cave*. They are evi-
25 dently quite frightful things to him under any other condition, and most of all if they are rough and jagged; but if smooth, looking "sculptured," like the sides of a ship, and forming a cave or shelter for him, he begins to think them endurable. Hence, asso-
30 ciating the ideas of rich and sheltering wood, sea, becalmed and made useful as a port by projecting promontories of rock, and smoothed caves or grottoes in the rocks themselves, we get the pleasantest idea

which the Greek could form of a landscape, next to a marsh with poplars in it; not, indeed, if possible, ever to be without these last: thus, in commending the Cyclops' country as one possessed of every perfection, Homer first says: "They have soft *marshy* meadows 5 near the sea, and good, rich, crumbling, ploughing-land, giving fine deep crops, and vines always giving fruit;" then, "a port so quiet, that they have no need of cables in it; and at the head of the port, a beautiful clear spring just *under a cave*, and *aspen poplars all* 10 *round it*."

This, it will be seen, is very nearly Homer's usual "ideal;"—we shall see presently how the blundering, pseudo-picturesque, pseudo classical minds of Claude and the Renaissance landscape-painters, wholly miss- 15 ing Homer's practical common sense, and equally incapable of feeling the quiet natural grace and sweetness of his *asphodel meadows*, tender *aspen poplars*, or running *vines*,—fastened on his *ports* and *caves*, as the only available features of his scenery; and 20 appointed the type of "classical landscape" thenceforward to consist in a bay of insipid sea, and a rock with a hole through it.

8. The Mediæval Ideal of Landscape.

As Homer gave us an ideal landscape, which even a god might have been pleased to behold, so Dante 25 gives us, fortunately, an ideal landscape, which is specially intended for the terrestrial paradise.

This forest, then, is very like that of Colonos in several respects—in its peace and sweetness, and number of birds; it differs from it only in letting 30

a light breeze through it, being therefore somewhat thinner than the Greek wood; the tender lines which tell of the voices of the birds mingling with the wind, and of the leaves all turning one way
 5 before it, have been more or less copied by every poet since Dante's time. They are, so far as I know, the sweetest passage of wood description which exists in literature.

Before, however, Dante has gone far in this wood,
 10 —that is to say, only so far as to have lost sight of the place where he entered it, or rather, I suppose, of the light under the boughs of the outside trees, and it must have been a very thin wood indeed if he did not do this in some quarter of a mile's walk,
 15 —he comes to a little river, three paces over, which bends the blades of grass to the left, with a meadow on the other side of it; and in this meadow

“A lady, graced with solitude, who went
 Singing, and setting flower by flower apart,
 20 By which the path she walked on was besprent.”

This lady, observe, stands on the opposite side of the little stream, which, presently, she explains to Dante is Lethe, having power to cause forgetfulness of all evil, and she stands just among the bent blades
 25 of grass at its edge. She is first seen gathering flower from flower, then “passing continually the multitudinous flowers through her hands,” smiling at the same time so brightly, that her first address to Dante is to prevent him from wondering at her, saying,
 30 “if he will remember the verse of the ninety-second Psalm, beginning, ‘Delectasti,’ he will know why she is so happy.” And turning to the verse of

this Psalm, we find it written, "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad *through Thy works*. I will triumph *in the works of Thy hands*."

Now, therefore, we see that Dante, as the great prophetic exponent of the heart of the Middle Ages, 5 has, by the lips of the spirit of Matilda, declared the mediæval faith,—that all perfect active life was "the expression of man's delight *in God's work*;" and that all their political and warlike energy, as fully shown in the mortal life of Matilda, was yet inferior and 10 impure,—the energy of the dream,—compared with that which on the opposite bank of Lethe stood "choosing flower from flower." And what joy and peace there were in this work is marked by Matilda's being the person who draws Dante through the 15 stream of Lethe, so as to make him forget all sin, and all sorrow: throwing her arms around him, she plunges his head under the waves of it; then draws him through, crying to him, "*Hold me, hold me*" (tiemmi, tiemmi), and so presents him, thus bathed, 20 free from all painful memory, at the feet of the spirit of the more heavenly contemplation.

9. The different appeal of Landscape Scenery to the Greeks and to the Mediævals.

The palace of a Greek leader in early times might have gardens, fields, and farms around it, but was sure to be near some busy city or sea-port: in later 25 times, the city itself became the principal dwelling-place, and the country was visited only to see how the farm went on, or traversed in a line of march. Far other was the life of the mediæval baron, nested

on his solitary jut of crag ; entering into cities only occasionally for some grave political or warrior's purpose, and, for the most part, passing the years of his life in lion-like isolation ; the village inhabited by
 5 his retainers straggling indeed about the slopes of the rocks at his feet, but his own dwelling standing gloomily apart, between them and the uncompanionable clouds, commanding from sunset to sunrise, the flowing flame of some calm unvoyaged river, and the
 10 endless undulation of the untraversable hills. How different must the thoughts about nature have been, of the noble who lived among the bright marble porticos of the Greek groups of temple or palace,—
 in the midst of a plain covered with corn and olives,
 15 and by the shore of a sparkling and freighted sea,—from those of the master of some mountain promontory in the green recesses of Northern Europe, watching night by night, from amongst his heaps of storm-broken stone, rounded into towers, the light-
 20 ning of the lonely sea flash round the sands of Harlech, or the mists changing their shapes for ever, among the changeless pines, that fringe the crests of
~~jura!~~

Nor was it without similar effect on the minds of
 25 men that their journeyings and pilgrimages became more frequent than those of the Greek, the extent of ground traversed in the course of them larger, and the mode of travel more companionless. To the Greek, a voyage to Egypt, or the Hellespont, was the
 30 subject of lasting fame and fable, and the forests of the Danube and the rocks of Sicily closed for him the gates of the intelligible world. What parts of that narrow world he crossed were crossed with fleets

or armies ; the camp always populous on the plain, and the ships drawn in cautious symmetry around the shore. But to the mediæval knight, from Scottish moor to Syrian sand, the world was one great exercise ground, or field of adventure ; the staunch pacing of his charger penetrated the pathlessness of utmost forest, and sustained the sultriness of the most secret desert. Frequently alone,—or, if accompanied, for the most part only by retainers of lower rank, incapable of entering into complete sympathy with any of his thoughts, he must have been compelled often to enter into dim companionship with the silent nature around him, and must assuredly sometimes have talked to the wayside flowers of his love, and to the fading clouds of his ambition.

But, on the other hand, the idea of retirement from the world for the sake of self-mortification, of combat with demons, or communion with angels, and with their King, —authoritatively commended as it was to all men by the continual practice of Christ Himself,—gave to all mountain solitude at once a sanctity and a terror, in the mediæval mind, which were altogether different from anything possessed in the un-Christian periods. On the one side, there was an idea of sanctity attached to rocky wilderness, because it had always been among hills that the Deity had manifested Himself most intimately to men, and to the hills that His saints had nearly always retired for meditation, for especial communion with Him, and to prepare for death. Men acquainted with the history of Moses, alone at Horeb, or with Israel at Sinai,—of Elijah by the brook Cherith, and in the Horeb cave ; of the deaths

of Moses and Aaron on Hor and Nebo ; of the preparation of Jephthah's daughter for her death among the Judæa mountains ; of the continual retirement of Christ Himself to the mountains for prayer, His temptation in the desert of the Dead Sea, His sermon on the hills of Capernaum, His transfiguration on Mount Hermon, and His evening and morning walks over Olivet for the four or five days preceding His crucifixion, — were not likely to look with irreverent or unloving eyes upon the blue hills that girded their golden horizon, or drew down upon them the mysterious clouds out of the height of the darker heaven. But with this impression of their greater sanctity was involved also that of a peculiar terror. In all this, — their haunting by the memories of prophets, the presences of angels, and the everlasting thoughts and words of the Redeemer, — the mountain ranges seemed separated from the active world, and only to be fitly approached by hearts which were condemnatory of it. Just in so much as it appeared necessary for the noblest men to retire to the hill-recesses before their missions could be accomplished, ~~and their spirits~~ perfected, in so far did the daily world seem by comparison to be pronounced profane and dangerous ; and to those who loved that world, and its work, the mountains were thus voiceful with perpetual rebuke, and necessarily contemplated with a kind of pain and fear, such as a man engrossed by vanity feels at being by some accident forced to hear a startling sermon, or to assist at a funeral service. Every association of this kind was deepened by the practice and the precept of the time ; and thousands of hearts, which might otherwise have felt that there

was loveliness in the wild landscape, shrank from it in dread, because they knew that the monk retired to it for penance, and the hermit for contemplation. The horror which the Greek had felt for hills only when they were uninhabitable and barren, attached 5 itself now to many of the sweetest spots of earth; the feeling was conquered by political interests, but never by admiration; military ambition seized the frontier rock, or maintained itself in the unassailable pass; but it was only for their punishment, or in their 10 despair, that men consented to tread the crooked slopes of the Chartreuse, or the soft glades and dewy pastures of Vallombrosa.

10. The Two Chief Exponents of the Modern Sentiment for Nature: Turner and Scott.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean, by humility, doubt of his 15 own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what *he* can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; 20 and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them; only, they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence; 25 Albert Dürer writes calmly to one who had found fault with his work, "It cannot be better done;" Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else;—only they do not expect their fellow-men therefore to fall

down and worship them ; they have a curious under-
 sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is
 not *in* them, but *through* them ; that they could not
 do or be anything else than God made them. And
 5 they see something divine and God-made in every
 other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly,
 incredibly merciful.

Now, I find among the men of the present age, as
 far as I know them, this character in Scott and Turner
 10 pre-eminently ; I am not sure if it is not in them alone.
 I do not find Scott talking about the dignity of litera-
 ture, nor Turner about the dignity of painting. They
 do their work, feeling that they cannot well help it ;
 the story must be told, and the effect put down ; and
 15 if people like it, well and good ; and if not, the world
 will not be much the worse.

Connected with this general humility, is the total
 absence of affectation in these men,—that is to say,
 of any assumption of manner or behaviour in their
 20 work, in order to attract attention. Not but that
 they are mannerists both. Scott's verse is strongly
 mannered, and Turner's oil painting ; but the manner
 is necessitated by the feelings of the men, entirely
 natural to both, never exaggerated for the sake of
 25 show. I hardly know any other literary or pictorial
 work of the day which is not in some degree affected.

Another very important, though not infallible, test
 of greatness is, as we have often said, the appearance
 of Ease with which the thing is done. It may be
 30 that, as with Dante and Leonardo, the finish given to
 the work effaces the evidence of ease ; but where the
 ease is manifest, as in Scott, Turner, and Tintoret,
 and the thing done is very noble, it is a strong reason

for placing the men above those who confessedly work with great pains. Scott writing his chapter or two before breakfast—not retouching; Turner finishing a whole drawing in a forenoon before he goes out to shoot (providing always the chapter and drawing be good), are instantly to be set above men who confessedly have spent a day over the work, and think the hours well spent if it has been a little mended between sunrise and sunset. Indeed, it is no use for men to think to appear great by working fast, dashing, and scrawling; the thing they do must be good and great, cost what time it may; but if it *be* so, and they have honestly and unaffectedly done it with *no effort*, it is probably a greater and better thing than the result of the hardest efforts of others.

Then, as touching the kind of work done by these two men, the more I think of it I find this conclusion more impressed upon me,—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it *saw* in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion,—all in one.

11. Scott's Landscape Feeling.

Observe Scott's habit of looking at nature—neither as dead, or merely material, in the way that Homer regards it, nor as altered by his own feelings, in the way that Keats and Tennyson regard it, but *as* having an animation and pathos of *its own*, wholly so

irrespective of human presence or passion, — an animation which Scott loves and sympathizes with, as he would with a fellow-creature, forgetting himself altogether, and subduing his own humanity
 5 before what seems to him the power of the landscape.

It is an inherent and continual habit of thought, which Scott shares with the moderns in general, being, in fact, nothing else than the instinctive sense
 10 which men must have of the Divine presence, not formed into distinct belief. In the Greek it created the faithfully believed gods of the elements; in Dante and the mediævals, it formed the faithfully
 15 believed angelic presence: in the modern, it creates no perfect form, does not apprehend distinctly any Divine being or operation; but only a dim, slightly credited animation in the natural object, accompanied with great interest and affection for it. This feeling is quite universal with us, only varying in depth
 20 according to the greatness of the heart that holds it: and in Scott, being more than usually intense, and accompanied with infinite affection and quickness of sympathy, it enables him to conquer all tendencies to the pathetic fallacy, and, instead of
 25 making Nature anywise subordinate to himself; he makes himself subordinate to *her*—follows her lead simply—does not venture to bring his own cares and thoughts into her pure and quiet presence—paints her in her simple and universal truth, adding no
 30 result of momentary passion or fancy, and appears, therefore, at first shallower than other poets, being in reality wider and healthier. “What am I?” he says continually, “that I should trouble this sincere

nature with my thoughts. I happen to be feverish and depressed, and I could see a great many sad and strange things in those waves and flowers; but I have no business to see such things. Gay Greta! sweet harebells! *you* are not sad nor strange to most 5 people; you are but bright water and blue blossoms; you shall not be anything else to me, except that I cannot help thinking you are a little alive,—no one can help thinking that.” And thus, as Nature is bright, serene, or gloomy, Scott takes her temper, 10 and paints her as she is; nothing of himself being ever intruded, except that far-away Æolian tone, of which he is unconscious; and sometimes a stray syllable or two, like that about Blackford Hill, distinctly stating personal feeling, but all the more 15 modestly for that distinctness, and for the clear consciousness that it is not the chiming brook, nor the cornfields, that are sad, but only the boy that rests by them; so returning on the instant to reflect, in all honesty, the image of Nature, as she is meant by 20 all men to be received; nor that in fine words, but in the first that come; nor with comment of rarefetched thoughts, but with easy thoughts, such as all sensible men ought to have in such places, only spoken sweetly; and evidently also with an under- 25 current of more profound reflection, which here and there murmurs for a moment, and which, I think, if we choose, we may continually pierce down to, and drink deeply from, but which Scott leaves us to seek, or shun, at our pleasure. 30

This pure passion for nature in its abstract being, is still increased in its intensity by the two elements

above taken notice of,—the love of antiquity, and the love of colour and beautiful form, mortified in our streets, and seeking for food in the wilderness and the ruin: both feelings, observe, instinctive in Scott
 5 from his childhood, as everything that makes a man great is always.

10 “ And well the lonely infant knew
 Recesses where the wallflower grew,
 And honeysuckle loved to crawl
 Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
 I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
 The sun in all its round survey'd.”

Not that these could have been instinctive in a child in the Middle Ages. The sentiments of a
 15 people increase or diminish in intensity from generation to generation,—every disposition of the parents affecting the frame of the mind in their offspring; the soldier's child is born to be yet more a soldier, and the politician's to be still more a politician; even
 20 the slightest colours of sentiment and affection are transmitted to the heirs of life; and the crowning expression of the mind of a people is given when some infant of highest capacity, and sealed with the impress of this national character, is born where
 25 providential circumstances permit the full development of the powers it has received straight from Heaven, and the passions which it has inherited from its fathers.

This love of ancientness, and that of natural beauty, 30 associate themselves also in Scott with the love of liberty, which was indeed at the root even of all his Jacobite tendencies in politics. For, putting aside

certain predilections about landed property, and family name, and "gentlemanliness" in the club sense of the word,—respecting which I do not now inquire whether they were weak or wise,—the main element which makes Scott like Cavaliers better than Puritans is, that he thinks the former *free* and *masterful* as well as loyal; and the latter *formal* and *slavish*. He is loyal, not so much in respect for law, as in unselfish love for the king; and his sympathy is quite as ready for any active borderer who breaks the law, or fights the king, in what Scott thinks a generous way, as for the king himself. Rebellion of a rough, free, and bold kind he is always delighted by; he only objects to rebellion on principle and in form: bare-headed and open-throated treason he will abet to any extent, but shrinks from it in a peaked hat and starched collar: nay, politically, he only delights in kingship itself, because he looks upon it as the head and centre of liberty; and thinks that, keeping hold of a king's hand, one may get rid of the cramps and fences of law; and that the people may be governed by the whistle, as a Highland clan on the open hillside, instead of being shut up into hurdled folds or hedged fields, as sheep or cattle left masterless.

And thus Nature becomes dear to Scott in a three-fold way; dear to him, first, as containing those remains or memories of the past, which he cannot find in cities, and giving hope of Prætorian mound or knight's grave, in every green slope and shade of its desolate places;—dear, secondly, in its moorland liberty, which has for him just as high a charm as the fenced garden had for the mediæval;—

5 “ For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
 A self will'd imp—a grandame's child ;
 But, half a plague, and half a jest,
 Was still endured, beloved, caressed.
 For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
 The classic poet's well-conn'd task ?
 Nay, Erskine, nay. On the wild hill
 Let the wild heathbell flourish still ;
 10 Cherish the tulip, prune the vine ;
 But freely let the woodbine twine,
 And leave untrimm'd the eglantine : ”

—and dear to him, finally, in that perfect beauty,
 denied alike in cities and in men, for which every
 modern heart had begun at last to thirst, and Scott's, in
 15 its freshness and power, of all men's, most earnestly.

11. The Happiness to be Found in Love of Nature.

All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to
 man have been just as possible to him, since first
 he was made of the earth, as they are now ; and they
 are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the
 20 corn grow, and the blossoms set ; to draw hard breath
 over ploughshare or spade ; to read, to think, to love,
 to hope, to pray,—these are the things that make
 men happy ; they have always had the power of doing
 these, they never *will* have power to do more. The
 25 world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our
 knowing and teaching these few things : but upon
 iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in nowise.

And I am Utopian and enthusiastic enough to
 believe, that the time will come when the world will
 30 discover this. It has now made its experiments in
 every possible direction but the right one ; and it

seems that it must, at last, try the right one, in a mathematical necessity. It has tried fighting, and preaching, and fasting, buying and selling, pomp and parsimony, pride and humiliation,—every possible manner of existence in which it could conjecture 5 there was any happiness or dignity: and all the while, as it bought, sold, and fought, and fasted, and wearied itself with policies, and ambitions, and self-denials, God had placed its real happiness in the keeping of the little mosses of the wayside, and of 10 the clouds of the firmament. Now and then a wearied king, or a tormented slave, found out where the true kingdoms of the world were, and possessed himself, in a furrow or two of garden ground, of a truly infinite dominion. But the world would not 15 believe their report, and went on trampling down the mosses, and forgetting the clouds, and seeking happiness in its own way, until, at last, blundering and late, came natural science; and in natural science not only the observation of things, but the finding 20 out of new uses for them. Of course the world, having a choice left to it, went wrong as usual, and thought that these mere material uses were to be the sources of its happiness. It got the clouds packed into iron cylinders, and made them carry its wise 25 self at their own cloud pace. It got weavable fibres out of the mosses, and made clothes for itself, cheap and fine,—here was happiness at last. To go as fast as the clouds, and manufacture everything out of anything,—here was paradise, indeed!

And now, when, in a little while, it is unparadised 30 again, if there were any other mistake that the world could make, it would of course make it. But I see

not that there is any other; and, standing fairly at its wit's end, having found that going fast, when it is used to it, is no more paradisiacal than going slow; and that all the prints and cottons in Manchester
5 cannot make it comfortable in its mind, I do verily believe it will come, finally, to understand that God paints the clouds and shapes the moss-fibres, that men may be happy in seeing Him at His work, and that in resting quietly beside Him, and watching His
10 working, and—according to the power He has communicated to ourselves, and the guidance He grants,—in carrying out His purposes of peace and charity, among all His creatures, are the only real happinesses that ever were, or will be, possible to mankind.

From "MODERN PAINTERS," Vol. IV.

OF MOUNTAIN BEAUTY.

1. Calais Tower ; the Higher Picturesque.

THE essence of picturesque character has been already defined to be a sublimity not inherent in the nature of the thing, but caused by something external to it ; as the ruggedness of a cottage roof possesses something of a mountain aspect, not belong- 5
ing to the cottage as such. And this sublimity may be either in mere external ruggedness, and other visible character, or it may lie deeper, in an expression of sorrow and old age, attributes which are both sublime ; not a dominant expression, but one mingled 10
with such familiar and common characters as prevent the object from becoming perfectly pathetic in its sorrow, or perfectly venerable in its age.

For instance, I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, 15
after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it ; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay ; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by 20
the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses ; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling ; its desert of brickwork full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, 25
like a bare brown rock ; its carelessness of what any

one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride, nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; 5 but useful still, going through its own daily work,—as some old fisherman beaten grey by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human 10 souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the grey peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, 15 and the belfry for labour, and this for patience and praise.

I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower; for, in some sort, it is the epitome of all that 20 makes the Continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries: and, above all, it completely expresses that agedness in the midst of active life which binds the old and the new into harmony. We, in England, have our new street, our new inn, 25 our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it,—a mere *specimen* of the Middle Ages put on a bit of velvet carpet to be shown, which, but for its size, might as well be on a museum shelf at once, under cover. But, on the Continent, the links are 30 unbroken between the past and present, and, in such use as they can serve for, the grey-headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men; while, in unbroken line, the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding

each in its place. And thus in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretence, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these.

And I am sorry to say that the opposition is most distinct in that noble carelessness as to what people think of it. Once, on coming from the Continent, almost the first inscription I saw in my native English was this :

"To Let, a Genteel House, up this road."

And it struck me forcibly, for I had not come across the idea of gentility, among the upper limestones of the Alps, for seven months ; nor do I think that the Continental nations in general have the idea. They would have advertised a "pretty" house, or a "large" one, or a "convenient" one ; but they could not, by any use of the terms afforded by their several languages, have got at the English "genteel." Consider, a little, all the meanness that there is in that epithet, and then see, when next you cross the Channel, how scornful of it that Calais spire will look.

2. The Lower Picturesque.

In a certain sense, the lower picturesque ideal is eminently a *heartless* one : the lover of it seems to go forth into the world in a temper as merciless as its rocks. All other men feel some regret at the sight of disorder and ruin. He alone delights in both ; it

matters not of what.¹ Fallen cottage,—desolate villa
 —deserted village—blasted heath—mouldering castle
 —to him, so that they do but show jagged angles
 of stone and timber, all are sights equally joyful.
 5 Poverty, and darkness, and guilt, bring in their
 several contributions to his treasury of pleasant
 thoughts. The shattered window, opening into black
 and ghastly rents of wall, the foul rag or straw wisp
 stopping them, the dangerous roof, decrepit floor and
 10 stair, ragged misery, or wasting age of the inhabitants,
 —all these conduce, each in due measure, to the
 fulness of his satisfaction

Yet, for all this, I do not say the lover of the lower
 picturesque is a monster in human form.

15 Through all his enjoyment there runs a certain
 undercurrent of tragical passion,—a real² vein of
 human sympathy; —it lies at the root of all those
 strange morbid hauntings of his; a sad excitement,
 such as other people feel at a tragedy, only less in
 20 degree, just enough, indeed, to give a deeper tone to
 his pleasure, and to make him choose for his subject
 the broken stones of a cottage wall rather than of
 a roadside bank, the picturesque beauty of form
 in each being supposed precisely the same: and,
 25 together with this slight tragical feeling, there is
 also a humble and romantic sympathy; a vague
 desire, in his own mind, to live in cottages rather
 than in palaces; a joy in humble things, a content-
 ment and delight in makeshifts, a secret persuasion
 30 (in many respects a true one) that there is in these
 ruined cottages a happiness often quite as great as
 in kings' palaces, and a virtue and nearness to God
 infinitely greater and holier than can commonly be

found in any other kind of place; so that the misery in which he exults is not, as he sees it, misery, but nobleness,—“poor and sick in body, and beloved by the Gods.” And thus, being nowise sure that these things can be mended at all, and very sure 5 that he knows not how to mend them, and also that the strange pleasure he feels in them *must* have some good reason in the nature of things, he yields to his destiny, enjoys his dark canal without scruple, and mourns over every improvement in the town, and 10 every movement made by its sanitary commissioners, as a miser would over a planned robbery of his chest; in all this being not only innocent, but even respectable and admirable, compared with the kind of person who has *no* pleasure in sights of this kind, 15 but only in fair façades, trim gardens, and park palings, and who would thrust all poverty and misery out of his way, collecting it into back alleys, or sweeping it finally out of the world, so that the street might give wider play for his chariot-wheels, 20 and the breeze less offence to his nobility.

3. The Skirts of the Alps.

Eyen among our own hills of Scotland and Cumberland, though often too barren to be perfectly beautiful, and always too low to be perfectly sublime, it is strange how many deep sources of delight are 25 gathered into the compass of their glens and vales; and how, down to the most secret cluster of their far-away flowers, and the idlest leap of their straying streamlets, the whole heart of Nature seems thirsting to give, and still to give, shedding forth her 30

everlasting beneficence with a profusion so patient, so passionate, that our utmost observance and thankfulness are but, at last, neglect of her nobleness, and apathy to her love. But among the true mountains
5 of the greater orders the Divine purpose of appeal at once to all the faculties of the human spirit becomes still more manifest. Inferior hills ordinarily interrupt, in some degree, the richness of the valleys at their feet; the grey downs of southern England,
10 and treeless coteaux of central France, and grey swells of Scottish moor, whatever peculiar charm they may possess in themselves, are at least destitute of those which belong to the woods and fields of the lowlands. But the great mountains *lift* the
15 lowlands *on their sides*. Let the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon,
20 with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow
25 wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up
30 in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment; and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts

along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change: the trees which grew heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side; they breathe more freely, and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree: the flowers which on the arable plain fell before the plough, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship, and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach.

4. Lowland Scenery of Switzerland.

I believe that it is not good for man to live among what is most beautiful;—that he is a creature incapable of satisfaction by anything upon

earth; and that to allow him habitually to possess, in any kind whatsoever, the utmost that earth can give, is the surest way to cast him into lassitude or discontent.

5 If the most exquisite orchestral music could be continued without a pause for a series of years, and children were brought up and educated in the room in which it was perpetually resounding, I believe their enjoyment of music, or understanding of it,
10 would be very small. And an accurately parallel effect seems to be produced upon the powers of contemplation, by the redundant and ceaseless loveliness of the high mountain districts. The faculties are paralyzed by the abundance, and cease, as we
15 before noticed of the imagination, to be capable of excitement, except by other subjects of interest than those which present themselves to the eye. So that it is, in reality, better for mankind that the forms of their common landscape should offer no violent
20 stimulus to the emotions,—that the gentle upland, browned by the bending furrows of the plough, and the fresh sweep of the chalk down, and the narrow winding of the copse-clad dingle, should be more frequent scenes of human life than the Arcadias
25 of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale; and that, while humbler (though always infinite) sources of interest are given to each of us around the homes to which we are restrained for the greater part of our lives, these mightier and stranger glories should
30 become the objects of adventure,—at once the cynosures of the fancies of childhood, and themes of the happy memory, and the winter's tale of age.

Nor is it always that the inferiority is felt. For,

so natural is it to the human heart to fix itself in hope rather than in present possession, and so subtle is the charm which the imagination casts over what is distant or denied, that there is often a more touching power in the scenes which contain far-away 5 promise of something greater than themselves, than in those which exhaust the treasures and powers of Nature in an unconquerable and excellent glory, leaving nothing more to be by the fancy pictured, or pursued. 10

I do not know that there is a district in the world more calculated to illustrate this power of the expectant imagination, than that which surrounds the city of Fribourg in Switzerland, extending from it towards Bernc. It is of grey sandstone, considerably 15 elevated, but presenting no object of striking interest to the passing traveller: so that, as it is generally seen in the course of a hasty journey from the Bernese Alps to those of Savoy, it is rarely regarded with any other sensation than that of weariness, all 20 the more painful because accompanied with reaction from the high excitement caused by the splendour of the Bernese Oberland. The traveller, footsore, feverish, and satiated with glacier and precipice, lies back in the corner of the diligence, perceiving little 25 more than that the road is winding and hilly, and the country through which it passes, cultivated and tame. Let him, however, only do this tame country the justice of staying in it a few days, until his mind has recovered its tone, and take one or two long 30 walks through its fields, and he will have other thoughts of it. It is, as I said, an undulating district of grey sandstone, never attaining any considerable

height, but having enough of the mountain spirit to throw itself into continual succession of bold slope and dale; elevated, also, just far enough above the sea to render the pine a frequent forest tree along its irregular ridges. Through this elevated tract the river cuts its way in a ravine some five or six hundred feet in depth, which winds for leagues between the gentle hills, unthought of, until its edge is approached; and then suddenly, through the boughs of the firs, the eye perceives, beneath, the green and gliding stream, and the broad walls of sandstone cliff that form its banks; hollowed out where the river leans against them, at its turns, into perilous overhanging; and, on the other shore, at the same spots, leaving little breadths of meadow between them and the water, half overgrown with thicket, deserted in their sweetness, inaccessible from above, and rarely visited by any curious wanderers along the hardly traceable footpath which struggles for existence beneath the rocks. And there the river ripples, and eddies, and murmurs in an utter solitude. It is passing through the midst of a thickly peopled country; but never was a stream so lonely. The feeblest and most far-away torrent among the high hills has its companions: the goats browse beside it; and the traveller drinks from it, and passes over it with his staff; and the peasant traces a new channel for it down to his mill-wheel. But this stream has no companions: it flows on in an infinite seclusion, not secret nor threatening, but a quietness of sweet daylight and open air—a broad space of tender and deep desolateness, drooped into repose out of the midst of human labour and life; the waves plashing lowly, with none to hear

them ; and the wild birds building in the boughs, with none to fray them away ; and the soft, fragrant herbs rising, and breathing, and fading, with no hand to gather them ;—and yet all bright and bare to the clouds, above, and to the fresh fall of the passing sun-
shine and pure rain.

But above the brows of those scarped cliffs, all is in an instant changed. A few steps only beyond the firs that stretch their branches, angular, and wild, and white, like forks of lightning, into the air of the ravine, and we are in an arable country of the most perfect richness ; the swathes of its corn glowing and burning from field to field ; its pretty hamlets all vivid with fruitful orchards and flowery gardens, and goodly with steep-roofed storehouse and barn ; its well-kept, hard, park-like roads rising and falling from hillside to hillside, or disappearing among brown banks of moss, and thickets of the wild raspberry and rose ; or gleaming through lines of tall trees, half glade, half avenue, where the gate opens, or the gateless path turns trustedly aside, unhindered, into the garden of some statelier house, surrounded in rural pride with its golden hives, and carved granaries, and irregular domain of latticed and espaliered cottages, gladdening to look upon in their delicate homeliness—delicate, yet, in some sort, rude ; not like our English homes—trim, laborious, formal, irreproachable in comfort ; but with a peculiar carelessness and largeness in all their detail, harmonizing with the outlawed loveliness of their country. For there is an untamed strength even in all that soft and habitable land. It is, indeed, gilded with corn and fragrant with

deep grass, but it is not subdued to the plough or to the scythe. It gives at its own free will,—it seems to have nothing wrested from it nor conquered in it. It is not redeemed from desertness, but unrestrained in fruitfulness,—a generous land,, bright with capricious plenty, and laughing from vale to vale in fitful fulness, kind and wild. Nor this without some sterner element mingled in the heart of it. For along all its ridges stand the dark masses
10 of innumerable pines, taking no part in its gladness, asserting themselves for ever as fixed shadows, not to be pierced or banished, even in the intensest sunlight; fallen flakes and fragments of the night, stayed in their solemn squares in the midst of all the rosy
15 bendings of the orchard boughs, and yellow effulgence of the harvest, and tracing themselves in black network and motionless fringes against the blanched blue of the horizon in its saintly clearness. And yet they do not sadden the landscape, but seem to have
20 been set there chiefly to show how bright everything else is round them; and all the clouds look of purer silver, and all the air seems filled with a whiter and more living sunshine, where they are pierced by the sable points of the pines; and all the pastures look
25 of more glowing green, where they run up between the purple trunks; and the sweet field footpaths skirt the edges of the forest for the sake of its shade, sloping up and down about the slippery roots, and losing themselves every now and then hopelessly
30 among the violets, and ground ivy, and brown sheddings of the fibrous leaves; and, at last, plunging into some open aisle where the light, through the distant stems, shows that there is a chance of

coming out again on the other side ; and coming out, indeed, in a little while, from the scented darkness, into the dazzling air and marvellous landscape, that stretches still farther and farther in new wilfulnesses of grove and garden, until at last the craggy mountains of the Simmenthal rise out of it, sharp into the rolling of the southern clouds. 5

I believe, for general development of human intelligence and sensibility, country of this kind is about the most perfect that exists. A richer landscape, as that of Italy, enervates, or causes wantonness ; a poorer contracts the conceptions, and hardens the temperament of both mind and body ; and one more curiously or prominently beautiful deadens the sense of beauty. Even what is here of attractiveness,—far exceeding, as it does, that of most of the thickly-peopled districts of the temperate zone,—seems to act harmfully on the poetical character of the Swiss ; but take its inhabitants all in all, as with deep love and stern penetration they are painted in the works of their principal writer, Gotthelf, and I believe we shall not easily find a peasantry which would completely sustain comparison with them. 15 20

5. The Matterhorn.

Every geologist who speaks of this mountain seems to be struck by the wonderfulness of its sculpture—the absence of all aspect of convulsion, and yet the stern chiselling of so vast a mass into its precipitous isolation, leaving no ruin nor débris near it. “What an overturn of all ancient ideas in Geology,” says Professor Forbes, “to find a pinnacle 25 30

of 15,000 feet high [above the sea] sharp as a pyramid, and with perpendicular precipices of thousands of feet on every hand, to be a representative of the older chalk formation; and what a difficulty to conceive the nature of a convulsion (even with unlimited power), which could produce a configuration like the Mont Cervin rising from the glacier of Zmutt!"

I am afraid my dislike to the nomenclatures invented by the German philosophers has been unreasonably, though involuntarily, complicated with that which, crossing out of Italy, one necessarily feels for those invented by the German peasantry. As travellers now every day more frequently visit the neighbourhood of the Monte Rosa, it would surely be a permissible, because convenient, poetical license, to invent some other name for this noble glacier, whose present title, certainly not euphonious, has the additional disadvantage of being easily confounded with that of the *Zermatt* glacier, properly so called. I mean myself, henceforward, to call it the Red glacier, because, for two or three miles above its lower extremity, the whole surface of it is covered with blocks of reddish gneiss, or other slaty crystalline rocks, some fallen from the Cervin, some from the Weisshorn, some brought from the Stockje and Dent d'Erm, but little rolled or ground down in the transit, and covering the ice, often four or five feet deep, with a species of macadamization on a large scale (each stone being usually some foot or foot and a half in diameter), anything but convenient to a traveller in haste. Higher up, the ice opens into broad white

fields and furrows, hard and dry, scarcely fissured at all, except just under the Cervin, and forming a silent and solemn causeway, paved, as it seems, with white marble from side to side; broad enough for the march of an army in line of battle, but quiet as a street of tombs in a buried city, and bordered on each hand by ghostly cliffs of that faint granite purple which seems, in its far-away height, as unsubstantial as the dark blue that bounds it;—the whole scene so changeless and soundless; so removed, not merely from the presence of men, but even from their thoughts; so destitute of all life of tree or herb, and so immeasurable in its lonely brightness of majestic death, that it looks like a world from which not only the human, but the spiritual, presences had perished, and the last of its archangels, building the great mountains for their monuments, had laid themselves down in the sunlight to an eternal rest, each in his white shroud.

And our surprise will still be increased as we farther examine the materials of which the whole mountain is composed. In many places its crystalline slates, where their horizontal surfaces are exposed along the projecting beds of their foundations, break into ruin so total that the foot dashes through their loose red flakes as through heaps of autumn leaves; and yet, just where their structure seems most delicate, just where they seem to have been swept before the eddies of the streams that first accumulated them, in the most passive whirls, there the after-ages have knit them into the most massive strength, and there have hewn out of them those firm grey bastions of the

Cervin,—overhanging, smooth, flawless, unconquerable! For, unlike the Chamouni aiguilles, there is no aspect of destruction about the Matterhorn cliffs. They are not torn remnants of separating spires, yielding flake by flake, and band by band, to the continual process of decay. They are, on the contrary, an unaltered monument, seemingly sculptured long ago, the huge walls retaining yet the forms into which they were first engraven, and standing like an Egyptian temple, -- delicate-fronted, softly-coloured, the suns of uncounted ages rising and falling upon it continually, but still casting the same line of shadows from east to west, still, century after century, touching the same purple stains on the lotus pillars; while the desert sand ebbs and flows about their feet, as those autumn leaves of rock lie heaped and weak about the base of the Cervin.

Is not this a strange type, in the very heart and height of these mysterious Alps—these wrinkled hills in their snowy, cold, grey-haired old age, at first so silent, then, as we keep quiet at their feet, muttering and whispering to us garrulously, in broken and dreaming fits, as it were, about their childhood—is it not a strange type of the things which “out of weakness are made strong”? If one of those little flakes of mica-sand, hurried in tremulous spangling along the bottom of the ancient river, too light to sink, too faint to float, almost too small for sight, could have had a mind given to it as it was at last borne down with its kindred dust into the abysses of the stream, and laid, (would it not have thought?) for a hopeless eternity, in the dark ooze, the most despised, forgotten, and feeble of all earth’s atoms; incapable of

any use or change ; not fit, down there in the diluvial darkness, so much as to help an earth-wasp to build its nest, or feed the first fibre of a lichen ;—what would it have thought, had it been told that one day, knitted into a strength as of imperishable iron, rust- 5 less by the air, infusible by the flame, out of the substance of it, with its fellows, the axe of God should hew that Alpine tower ; that against *it*—poor, helpless mica flake !—the wild north winds should rage in vain ; beneath *it*—low-fallen mica flake !—the 10 snowy hills should lie bowed like flocks of sheep, and the kingdoms of the earth fade away in unregarded blue ; and around it—weak, wave-drifted mica flake !—the great war of the firmament should burst in thunder, and yet stir it not ; and the fiery arrows 15 and angry meteors of the night fall blunted back from it into the air ; and all the stars in the clear heaven should light, one by one as they rose, new cressets upon the points of snow that fringed its abiding-place on the imperishable spire ? 20

6. Mountain Sculpture : a Parable from Nature.

But what, then, has given rise to all those coiled plungings of the crest hither and thither, yet with such strange unity of motion ?

Yes. There is the cloud. How the top of the hill was first shaped so as to let the currents of water 25 act upon it in so varied a way we know not, but I think that the appearance of *interior* force of elevation is for the most part deceptive. The series of beds would be found, if examined in section, very uniform in their arrangement, only a little harder in 30

one place, and more delicate in another. A stream receives a slight impulse this way or that, at the top of the hill, but increases in energy and sweep as it descends, gathering into itself others from its sides, and uniting their power with its own. A single knot of quartz occurring in a flake of slate at the crest of the ridge may alter the entire destinies of the mountain form. It may turn the little rivulet of water to the right or left, and that little turn will be to the future direction of the gathering stream what the touch of a finger on the barrel of a rifle would be to the direction of the bullet. Each succeeding year increases the importance of every determined form, and arranges in masses yet more and more harmonious, the promontories shaped by the sweeping of the eternal waterfalls.

The importance of the results thus obtained by the slightest change of direction in the infant streamlets, furnishes an interesting type of the formation of human characters by habit. Every one of those notable ravines and crags is the expression, not of any sudden violence done to the mountain, but of its little *habits*, persisted in continually. It was created with one ruling instinct; but its destiny depended, nevertheless, for effective result, on the direction of the small and all but invisible tricklings of water, in which the first shower of rain found its way down its sides. The feeblest, most insensible oozings of the drops of dew among its dust were in reality arbiters of its eternal form; commissioned, with a touch more tender than that of a child's finger,—as silent and slight as the fall of a half-checked tear on a maiden's cheek,—to fix

for ever the forms of peak and precipice, and hew those leagues of lifted granite into the shapes that were to divide the earth and its kingdoms. Once the little stone evaded,—once the dim furrow traced,—and the peak was for ever invested with its majesty, the ravine for ever doomed to its degradation. Thenceforward, day by day, the subtle habit gained in power; the evaded stone was left with wider basement; the chosen furrow deepened with swifter-sliding wave; repentance and arrest were alike impossible, and hour after hour saw written in larger and rockier characters upon the sky, the history of the choice that had been directed by a drop of rain, and of the balance that had been turned by a grain of sand.

7. Mountain Gloom : the Peasantry of the High Alps.

I do not know any district possessing a more pure or uninterrupted fulness of mountain character (and that of the highest order), or which appears to have been less disturbed by foreign agencies, than that which borders the course of the Trient between Valorsine and Martigny. The paths which lead to it out of the valley of the Rhone, rising at first in steep circles among the walnut trees, like winding stairs among the pillars of a Gothic tower, retire over the shoulders of the hills into a valley almost unknown, but thickly inhabited by an industrious and patient population. Along the ridges of the rocks, smoothed by old glaciers into long, dark, billowy swellings, like the backs of plunging dolphins, the peasant

watches the slow colouring of the tufts of moss and roots of herb which, little by little, gather a feeble soil over the iron substance; then, supporting the narrow strip of clinging ground with a few stones, he subdues it to the spade; and in a year or two a little crest of corn is seen waving upon the rocky casque. The irregular meadows run in and out like inlets of lake among these harvested rocks, sweet with perpetual streamlets, that seem always to have chosen the steepest places to come down, for the sake of the leaps, scattering their handfuls of crystal this way and that, as the wind takes them, with all the grace, but with none of the formalism of fountains; dividing into fanciful change of dash and spring, yet with the seal of their granite channels upon them, as the lightest play of human speech may bear the seal of past toil, and closing back out of their spray to lave the rigid angles, and brighten with silver fringes and glassy films each lower and lower step of sable stone; until at last, gathered altogether again,—except, perhaps, some chance drops caught on the apple-blossom, where it has budded a little nearer the cascade than it did last spring,—they find their way down to the turf, and lose themselves in that silently; with quiet depth of clear water furrowing among the grass blades, and looking only like their shadow, but presently emerging again in little startled gushes and laughing hurries, as if they had remembered suddenly that the day was too short for them to get down the hill.

Green field, and glowing rock, and glancing streamlet, all slope together in the sunshine towards the brows of ravines, where the pines take up their

own dominion of saddened shade ; and with everlasting roar in the twilight, the stronger torrents thunder down, pale from the glaciers, filling all their chasms with enchanted cold, beating themselves to pieces against the great rocks that they have themselves cast down, and forcing fierce way beneath their ghastly poise. 5

The mountain paths stoop to these glens in forked zigzags, leading to some grey and narrow arch, all fringed under its shuddering curve with the ferns that fear the light ; a cross of rough-hewn pine, iron-bound to its parapet, standing dark against the lurid fary of the foam. Far up the glen, as we pause beside the cross, the sky is seen through the openings in the pines, thin with excess of light ; and, in its clear, consuming flame of white space, the summits of the rocky mountains are gathered into solemn crowns and circlets, all flushed in that strange, faint silence of possession by the sunshine which has in it so deep a melancholy ; full of power, yet as frail as shadows : lifeless, like the walls of a sepulchre, yet beautiful in tender fall of crimson folds, like the veil of some sea spirit, that lives and dies as the foam flashes ; fixed on a perpetual throne, stern against all strength, lifted above all sorrow, and yet effaced and melted utterly into the air by that last sunbeam that has crossed to them from between the two golden clouds. 20

High above all sorrow : yes ; but not unwitnessing to it. The traveller on his happy journey, as his foot springs from the deep turf and strikes the pebbles gaily over the edge of the mountain road, secs with a glance of delight the clusters of nut-brown cottages that nestle 30

among those sloping orchards, and glow beneath the boughs of the pines. Here it may well seem to him, if there be sometimes hardship, there must be at least innocence and peace, and fellowship of the human soul with nature. It is not so. The wild goats that leap along those rocks have as much passion of joy in all that fair work of God as the men that toil among them. Perhaps more. Enter the street of one of those villages, and you will find it foul with that gloomy foulness that is suffered only by torpor, or by anguish of soul. Here, it is torpor—not absolute suffering—not starvation or disease, but darkness of calm enduring; the spring known only as the time of the scythe, and the autumn as the time of the sickle, and the sun only as a warmth, the wind as a chill, and the mountains as a danger. They do not understand so much as the name of beauty, or of knowledge. They understand dimly that of virtue. Love, patience, hospitality, faith,—these things they know. To glean their meadows side by side, so happier; to bear the burden up the breathless mountain flank, uncomplainingly; to bid the stranger drink from their vessel of milk; to see at the foot of their low deathbeds a pale figure upon a cross, dying also, patiently;—in this they are different from the cattle and from the stones, but in all this unrewarded as far as concerns the present life. For them, there is neither hope nor passion of spirit; for them neither advance nor exultation. Black bread, rude roof, dark night, laborious day, weary arm at sunset; and life ebbs away. No books, no thoughts, no attainments, no rest; except only sometimes a little sitting in the sun under the church

wall, as the bell tolls thin and far in the mountain air; a pattering of a few prayers, not understood, by the altar rails of the dimly gilded chapel, and so back to the sombre home, with the cloud upon them still unbroken—that cloud of rocky gloom, born out of the wild torrents and ruinous stones, and unlightened, even in their religion, except by the vague promise of some better thing unknown, mingled with threatening, and obscured by an unspeakable horror, —a smoke, as it were, of martyrdom, coiling up with the incense, and, amidst the images of tortured bodies and lamenting spirits in hurtling flames, the very cross, for them, dashed more deeply than for others, with gouts of blood.

Do not let this be thought a darkened picture of the life of these mountaineers. It is literal fact. No contrast can be more painful than that between the dwelling of any well-conducted English cottager, and that of the equally honest Savoyard. The one, set in the midst of its dull flat fields and uninteresting hedgerows, shows in itself the love of brightness and beauty; its daisy-studded garden-beds, its smoothly swept brick path to the threshold, its freshly sanded floor and orderly shelves of household furniture, all testify to energy of heart, and happiness in the simple course and simple possessions of daily life. The other cottage, in the midst of an inconceivable, inexpressible beauty, set on some sloping bank of golden sward, with clear fountains flowing beside it, and wild flowers, and noble trees, and goodly rocks gathered round into a perfection as of Paradise, is itself a dark and plague-like stain in the midst of the gentle landscape. Within a certain distance of its

threshold the ground is foul and cattle-trampled ;
its timbers are black with smoke, its garden choked
with weeds and nameless refuse, its chambers empty
and joyless, the light and wind gleaming and filtering
5 through the crannies of their stones. All testifies
that to its inhabitant the world is labour and vanity ;
that for him neither flowers bloom, nor birds sing,
nor fountains glisten ; and that his soul hardly differs
from the grey cloud that coils and dies upon his
10 hills, except in having no fold of it touched by the
sunbeams.

Is it not strange to reflect, that hardly an evening
passes in London or Paris, but one of those cottages
is painted for the better amusement of the fair and
15 idle, and shaded with pasteboard pines by the scene-
shifter ; and that good and kind people,—poetically-
minded,—delight themselves in imagining the happy
life led by peasants who dwell by Alpine fountains,
and kneel to crosses upon peaks of rock ? that nightly
20 we lay down our gold, to fashion forth simulacra of
peasants, in gay ribands and white bodices, singing
sweet songs, and bowing gracefully to the picturesque
crosses ; and all the while the veritable peasants are
kneeling, songlessly, to veritable crosses, in another
25 temper than the kind and fair audiences deem of,
and assuredly with another kind of answer than is
got out of the opera catastrophe ; an answer having
reference, it may be in dim futurity, to those very
audiences themselves ? If all the gold that has gone
30 to paint the simulacra of the cottages, and to put
new songs in the mouths of the simulacra of the
peasants, had gone to brighten the existent cottages,
and to put new songs in the mouths of the existent

peasants, it might in the end, perhaps, have turned out better so, not only for the peasant, but for even the audience. For that form of the False Ideal has also its correspondent True Ideal,—consisting not in the naked beauty of statues, nor in the gauze flowers and crackling tinsel of theatres, but in the clothed and fed beauty of living men, and in the lights and laughs of happy homes. Night after night, the desire of such an ideal springs up in every idle human heart ; and night after night, as far as idleness can, we work out this desire in costly lies. We paint the faded actress, build the lath landscape, feed our benevolence with fallacies of felicity, and satisfy our righteousness with poetry of justice. The time will come when, as the heavy-folded curtain falls upon our own stage of life, we shall begin to comprehend that the justice we loved was intended to have been done in fact, and not in poetry, and the felicity we sympathized in, to have been bestowed and not feigned. We talk much of money's worth, yet perhaps may one day be surprised to find that what the wise and charitable European public gave to one night's rehearsal of hypocrisy,—to one hour's pleasant warbling of Linda or Lucia,—would have filled a whole Alpine valley with happiness, and poured the waves of harvest over the famine of many a Lammermoor.

8. Mountain Glory : the Death of Moses.

For forty years Moses had not been alone. The care and burden of all the people, the weight of their woe, and guilt, and death, had been upon him continually. The multitude had been laid upon him as

if he had conceived them ; their tears had been his meat, night and day, until he had felt as if God had withdrawn His favour from him, and he had prayed that he might be slain, and not see his wretchedness.

5 And now, at last, the command came, "Get thee up into this mountain." The weary hands that had been so long stayed up against the enemies of Israel, might lean again upon the shepherd's staff, and fold themselves for the shepherd's prayer—for the shepherd's

10 slumber. Not strange to his feet, though forty years unknown, the roughness of the bare mountain-path, as he climbed from ledge to ledge of Abarim ; not strange to his aged eyes the scattered clusters of the mountain herbage, and the broken shadows of the

15 cliffs, indented far across the silence of uninhabited ravines ; scenes such as those among which, with none, as now, beside him but God, he had led his flocks so often ; and which he had left, how painfully ! taking upon him the appointed power, to make of the

20 fenced city a wilderness, and to fill the desert with songs of deliverance. It was not to embitter the last hours of his life that God restored to him, for a day, the beloved solitudes he had lost ; and breathed the peace of the perpetual hills around him, and cast the

25 world in which he had laboured and sinned far beneath his feet, in that mist of dying blue ;—all sin, all wandering, soon to be forgotten for ever ; the Dead Sea—a type of God's anger understood by him, of all men, most clearly, who had seen the earth open

30 her mouth, and the sea his depth, to overwhelm the companies of those who contended with his Master—laid waveless beneath him ; and beyond it, the fair hills of Judah, and the soft plains and banks of

Jordan, purple in the evening light as with the blood of redemption, and fading in their distant fulness into mysteries of promise and of love. There, with his unabated strength, his undimmed glance, lying down upon the utmost rocks, with angels waiting near to 5 contend for the spoils of his spirit, he put off his earthly armour. We do deep reverence to his companion prophet, for whom the chariot of fire came down from heaven; but was his death less noble, whom his Lord himself buried in the vales of Moab, 10 keeping, in the secrets of the eternal counsels, the knowledge of a sepulchre, from which he was to be called, in the fulness of time, to talk with that Lord, upon Hermon, of the death that He should accomplish at Jerusalem? 15

From "MODERN PAINTERS," Vol. V.

OF LEAF BEAUTY.

1. The Earth Veil.

"To dress it and to keep it."

That, then, was to be our work. Alas! what work have we set ourselves upon instead! How have we ravaged the garden instead of kept it—sceding our
5 war-horses with its flowers, and splintering its trees into spear-shafts!

"And at the East a flaming sword."

Is its flame quenchless? and are those gates that keep the way indeed passable no more? or is it not
10 rather that we no more desire to enter? For what can we conceive of that first Eden which we might not yet win back, if we chose? It was a place full of flowers, we say. Well: the flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them; and the
15 fairer, the closer. There may, indeed, have been a Fall of Flowers, as a Fall of Man; but assuredly creatures such as we are can now fancy nothing lovelier than roses and lilies, which would grow for us side by side, leaf overlapping leaf, till the Earth
20 was white and red with them, if we cared to have it so. And Paradise was full of pleasant shades and fruitful avenues. Well: what hinders us from covering as much of the world as we like with pleasant shade, and pure blossom, and goodly fruit? Who
25 forbids its valleys to be covered over with corn till they laugh and sing? Who prevents its dark forests,

ghostly and uninhabitable, from being changed into infinite orchards, wreathing the hills with frail-floreted snow, far away to the half-lighted horizon of April, and flushing the face of all the autumnal earth with glow of clustered food? But Paradise was a place 5 of peace, we say, and all the animals were gentle servants to us. Well: the world would yet be a place of peace if we were all peacemakers, and gentle service should we have of its creatures if we gave them gentle mastery. But so long as we make sport 10 of slaying bird and beast, so long as we choose to contend rather with our fellows than with our faults, and make battlefield of our meadows instead of pasture—so long, truly, the Flaming Sword will still turn every way, and the gates of Eden remain barred 15 close enough, till we have sheathed the sharper flame of our own passions, and broken down the closer gates of our own hearts.

2. The Pine.

Of the many marked adaptations of nature to the mind of man, it seems one of the most singular, that 20 trees intended especially for the adornment of the wildest mountains should be, in broad outline, the most formal of trees. The vine, which is to be the companion of man, is waywardly docile in its growth, falling into festoons beside his cornfields, or roofing 25 his garden-walks, or casting its shadow all summer upon his door. Associated always with the trimness of cultivation, it introduces all possible elements of sweet wildness. The pine, placed nearly always 30 among scenes disordered and desolate, brings into

them all possible elements of order and precision. Lowland trees may lean to this side and that, though it is but a meadow breeze that bends them, or a bank of cowslips from which their trunks lean aslope.

5 But let storm and avalanche do their worst, and let the pine find only a ledge of vertical precipice to cling to, it will nevertheless grow straight. Thrust a rod from its last shoot down the stem ;—it shall point to the centre of the earth as long as the tree lives.

10 Also it may be well for lowland branches to reach hither and thither for what they need, and to take all kinds of irregular shape and extension. But the pine is trained to need nothing, and to endure everything. It is resolutely whole, self-contained, desiring nothing

15 ing but rightness, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted also to these soft lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom, and glad with pretty

20 charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops. To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him ; to hold in divided drops, at our sword-points, the rain which would

25 sweep away him and his treasure-fields ; to nurse in shade among our brown fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought ; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain :—such service must

30 we do him steadfastly while we live. Our bodies, also, are at his service : softer than the bodies of other trees, though our toil is harder than theirs. Let him take them as pleases him, for his houses and

ships. So also it may be well for these timid lowland trees to tremble with all their leaves, or turn their paleness to the sky, if but a rush of rain passes by them; or to let fall their leaves at last, sick and sere. But we pines must live carelessly amidst the wrath of clouds. We only wave our branches to and fro when the storm pleads with us, as men toss their arms in a dream.

And finally, these weak lowland trees may struggle fondly for the last remnants of life, and send up feeble saplings again from their roots when they are cut down. But we builders with the sword perish boldly; our dying shall be perfect and solemn, as our warring: we give up our lives without reluctance, and for ever.

I said long ago, even of Turner: "Into the spirit of the pine he cannot enter." He understood the glacier at once; he had seen the force of sea on shore too often to miss the action of those crystal crested waves. But the pine was strange to him, adverse to his delight in broad and flowing line; he refused its magnificent erectness. Magnificent!—nay, sometimes, almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pines, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts

standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other—dumb for ever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them;—those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds.
5 No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock: yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark
10 energy of delicate life, and monotony of enchanted pride:—unnumbered, unconquerable.

Yet I have been more struck by their character of finished delicacy at a distance from the central Alps, among the pastoral hills of the Emmenthal, or lowland
15 districts of Bernc, where they are set in groups between the cottages, whose shingle roofs (they also of pine) of deep gray blue, and lightly carved fronts, golden and orange in the autumn sunshine, gleam on the banks and lawns of hillside, —endless lawns, mounded,
20 and studded, and bossed all over with deeper green hay-heaps, orderly set, like jewellery (the mountain hay, when the pastures are full of springs, being strangely dark and fresh in verdure for a whole day after it is cut). And amidst this delicate delight of
25 cottage and field, the young pines stand delicate of all, scented as with frankincense, their slender stems straight as arrows, and crystal white, looking as if they would break with a touch like needles; and their arabesques of dark leaf pierced through and through
30 by the pale radiance of clear sky, opal blue, where they follow each other along the soft hill-ridges, up and down.

The Swiss have certainly no feelings respecting

their *mountains* in anywise correspondent to ours. It was rather as fortresses of defence, than as spectacles of splendour, that the cliffs of the Rothstock bare rule over the destinies of those who dwell at their feet; and the training for which the mountain children had to thank the slopes of the Muotta-thal, was in soundness of breath, and steadiness of limb, far more than in elevation of idea. It was not from their lakes, nor their cliffs, nor their glaciers—though these were all peculiarly their possession, that the three venerable cantons or states received their name. They were not called the States of the Rock, nor the States of the Lake, but the States of the *Forest*. And the one of the three which contains the most touching record of the spiritual power of Swiss religion, in the name of the convent of the “Hill of Angels,” has, for its own, none but the sweet childish name of “Under the Woods.”

And indeed you may pass under them if, leaving the most sacred spot in Swiss history, the Meadow of the Three Fountains, you bid the boatman row southward a little way by the shore of the Bay of Uri. Steepest there on its western side, the walls of its rocks ascend to heaven. Far in the blue of evening, like a great cathedral pavement, lies the lake in its darkness; and you may hear the whisper of innumerable falling waters return from the hollows of the cliff, like the voices of a multitude praying under their breath. From time to time the beat of a wave, slow lifted, where the rocks lean over the black depth, dies heavily as the last note of a requiem. Opposite, green with steep grass, and set with chalet villages, the Frohnalp rises in one solemn glow of pastoral light and peace;

and above, against the clouds of twilight, ghostly on the gray precipice, stand, myriad by myriad, the shadowy armies of the Unterwalden pine.

I have seen that it is possible for the stranger to
5 pass through this great chapel, with its font of waters, and mountain pillars, and vaults of cloud, without being touched by one noble thought, or stirred by any sacred passion; but for those who received from its waves the baptism of their youth, and learned
10 beneath its rocks the fidelity of their manhood, and watched amidst its clouds the likeness of the dream of life, with the eyes of age—for these I will not believe that the mountain shrine was built, or the calm of its forest-shadows guarded by their God, in
15 vain.

3. Mosses.

Lichen, and mosses (though these last in their luxuriance are deep and rich as herbage, yet both for the most part humblest of the green things that live),—how of these? Meek creatures! the first
20 mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin,—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say
25 what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green,—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry
30 as we do glass,—the traceries of intricate silver, and

fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered, like the flowers, 5 for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up 10 their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave. 15

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honoured of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, 20 slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; 25 and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, 30 on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

4. The Leaf Monuments.

We men, sometimes, in what we presume to be humility, compare ourselves with leaves; but we have as yet no right to do so. The leaves may well scorn the comparison. We, who live for ourselves, and neither know how to use nor keep the work of past time, may humbly learn,—as from the ant, foresight,—from the leaf, reverence. The power of every great people, as of every living tree, depends on its not effacing, but confirming and concluding, the labours of its ancestors. Looking back to the history of nations, we may date the beginning of their decline from the moment when they ceased to be reverent in heart, and accumulative in hand and brain; from the moment when the redundant fruit of age hid in them the hollowness of heart, whence the simplicities of custom and sinews of tradition had withered away. Had men but guarded the righteous laws, and protected the precious works of their fathers, with half the industry they have given to change and to ravage, they would not now have been seeking vainly, in millennial visions and mechanic servitudes, the accomplishment of the promise made to them so long ago: “As the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands; they shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them.”

This lesson we have to take from the leaf's life. One more we may receive from its death. If ever, in autumn, a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in

hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged, in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys; the fringes of the hills! So stately,—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth,—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass, without our understanding their last counsel and example: that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived. 10

THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON ART.

5. The Faith of the Greeks.

The ruling purpose of Greek poetry is the assertion of victory, by heroism, over fate, sin, and death. The terror of these great enemies is dwelt upon chiefly by the tragedians; the victory over them, by Homer. 15

Down to its uttermost depth, to its most appalling physical detail, they strive to sound the secrets of sorrow. For them there is no passing by on the other side, no turning away the eyes to vanity from pain. Literally, they have not “lifted up their souls unto vanity.” Whether there be consolation for them or not, neither apathy nor blindness shall be their saviour; if, for them, thus knowing the facts of the grief of earth, any hope, relief, or triumph may hereafter seem possible,—well; but if not, still hopeless, reliefless, eternal, the sorrow shall be met face to face. This Hector, so righteous, so merciful, so brave, has, 20 25

nevertheless, to look upon his nearest brother in miserablest death. His own soul passes away in hopeless sobs through the throat-wound of the Grecian spear. That is one aspect of things in this world, a fair world truly, but having, among its other aspects, this one, highly ambiguous.

Meeting it boldly as they may, gazing right into the skeleton face of it, the ambiguity remains; nay, in some sort gains upon them. "We trusted in the gods;—we thought that wisdom and courage would save us. Our wisdom and courage themselves deceive us to our death. Athena had the aspect of Deiphobus—terror of the enemy. She has not terrified him, but left us, in our mortal need.

"And beyond that mortality, what hope have we? Nothing is clear to us on that horizon, not comforting. Funeral honours; perhaps also rest; perhaps a shadowy life—artless, joyless, loveless. No devices in that darkness of the grave, nor daring, nor delight. Neither marrying nor giving in marriage, nor casting of spears, nor rolling of chariots, nor voice of fame, Lapped in pale Elysian mist, chilling the forgetful heart and feeble frame, shall we waste on for ever? Can the dust of earth claim more of immortality than this? Or shall we have even so much as rest? May we, indeed, lie down again in the dust: or have not our sins hidden from us even the things that belong to that peace? May not chance and the whirl of passion govern us there: when there shall be no thought, nor work, nor wisdom, nor breathing of the soul?

"Be it so. With no better reward, no brighter hope, we will be men while we may: men, just, and strong, and fearless, and up to our power, perfect.

Athena herself, our wisdom and our strength, may betray us:—Phœbus, our sun, smite us with plague, or hide his face from us helpless;—Jove and all the powers of fate oppress us, or give us up to destruction. While we live, we will hold fast our integrity; 5 no weak tears shall blind us, no untimely tremors abate our strength of arm nor swiftness of limb. The gods have given us at least this glorious body and this righteous conscience; these will we keep bright and pure to the end. So may we fall to misery, but 10 not to baseness; so may we sink to sleep, but not to shame.”

• And herein was conquest. So defied, the betraying and accusing shadows shrank back; the mysterious horror subdued itself to majestic sorrow. Death was 15 swallowed up in victory. Their blood, which seemed to be poured out upon the ground, rose into hyacinthine flowers. All the beauty of earth opened to them; they had ploughed into its darkness, and they reaped its gold; the gods, in whom they had trusted 20 through all semblance of oppression, came down to love them and be their helpmates. All nature round them became divine,—one harmony of power and peace. The sun hurt them not by day, nor the moon by night; the earth opened no more her jaws into 25 the pit: the sea whitened no more against them the teeth of his devouring waves. Sun, and moon, and earth, and sea,—all melted into grace and love; the fatal arrows rang not now at the shoulders of Apollo, the healer; lord of life, and of the three great spirits 30 of life—Care, Memory, and Melody. Great Artemis guarded their flocks by night; Selene kissed in love the eyes of those who slept. And from all came the

help of heaven to body and soul; a strange spirit lifting the lovely limbs; strange light glowing on the golden hair; and strangest comfort filling the trustful heart, so that they could put off their armour, and lie down to sleep,—their work well done, whether at the gates of their temples or of their mountains; accepting the death they once thought terrible, as the gift of Him who knew and granted what was best.

6. The Character of the Venetians.

All the nobleness, as well as the faults, of the Greek art were dependent on its making the most of this present life. It might do so in the Anacreontic temper—"What have I to do with the Pleiads?" or in the defiant or the trustful endurance of fate;—but its dominion was in this world.

Florentine art was essentially Christian, ascetic, expectant of a better world, and antagonistic, therefore, to the Greek temper. So that the Greek element, once forced upon it, destroyed it. There was absolute incompatibility between them. Florentine art, also, could not produce landscape. It despised the rock, the tree, the vital air itself, aspiring to breathe empyreal air.

Venetian art began with the same aim and under the same restrictions. Both are healthy in the youth of art. Heavenly aim and severe law for boyhood; earthly work and fair freedom for manhood.

The Venetians began, I repeat, with asceticism; always, however, delighting in more massive and deep colour than other religious painters. They are especially fond of saints who have been cardinals,

because of their red hats, and they sunburn all their hermits into splendid russet brown.

They differed from the Pisans in having no *Maremma* between them and the sea; from the Romans, in continually quarrelling with the Pope; and from the Florentines in having no gardens.

They had another kind of garden, deep furrowed, with blossom in white wreaths—fruitless. Perpetual May therein, and singing of wild, nestless birds. And they had no *Maremma* to separate them from this garden of theirs. The destiny of Pisa was changed, in all probability, by the ten miles of marsh-land and poisonous air between it and the beach. The Genoese energy was feverish; too much heat reflected from their torrid Apennine. But the Venetian had his free horizon, his salt breeze, and sandy Lido-shore; sloped far and flat,—ridged sometimes under the Tramontane winds with half a mile's breadth of rollers;—sea and sand shrivelled up together in one yellow carcering field of fall and roar.

They were, also, we said, always quarrelling with the Pope. Their religious liberty came, like their bodily health, from that wave-training; for it is one notable effect of a life passed on shipboard to destroy weak beliefs in appointed forms of religion. A sailor may be grossly superstitious, but his superstitions will be connected with amulets and omens, not cast in systems. He must accustom himself, if he prays at all, to pray anywhere and anyhow. Candlesticks and incense not being portable into the maintop, he perceives those decorations to be, on the whole, inessential to a maintop mass. Sails

must be set and cables bent, be it never so strict a saint's day, and it is found that no harm comes of it. Absolution on a lee-shore must be had of the breakers, it appears, if at all, and they give it plenary and brief, without listening to confession.

Whereupon our religious opinions become vague, but our religious confidences strong; and the end of it all is that we perceive the Pope to be on the other side of the Apennines, and able, indeed, to sell indulgences, but not winds, for any money. Whereas, God and the sea are with us, and we must even trust them both, and take what they shall send.

7. Veronese's Family, painted by Himself.

He wishes to represent them as happy and honoured. The best happiness and highest honour he can imagine for them is that they should be presented to the Madonna, to whom, therefore, they are being brought by the three virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

The Virgin stands in a recess behind two marble shafts, such as may be seen in any house belonging to an old family in Venice. She places the boy Christ on the edge of a balustrade before her. At her side are St. John the Baptist and St. Jerome. This group occupies the left side of the picture. The pillars, seen sideways, divide it from the group formed by the Virtues, with the wife and children of Veronese. He himself stands a little behind, his hands clasped in prayer.

His wife kneels full in front, a strong Venetian woman, well advanced in years. She has brought up her children in fear of God, and is not afraid to

meet the Virgin's eyes. She gazes steadfastly on them ; her proud head and gentle, self-possessed face are relieved in one broad mass of shadow against a space of light, formed by the white robes of Faith, who stands beside her,—guardian, and companion. 5 Perhaps a somewhat disappointing Faith at the first sight, for her face is not in any special way exalted or refined. Veronese knew that Faith had to companion simple and slow-hearted people, perhaps oftener than able or refined people—does not therefore insist on 10 her being severely intellectual, or looking as if she were always in the best company. So she is only distinguished by her pure white (not bright white) dress, her delicate hand, her golden hair drifted in light ripples across her breast, from which the white 15 robes fall nearly in the shape of a shield—the shield of Faith. A little behind her stands Hope ; she also, at first, not to most people a recognisable Hope. We usually paint Hope as young, and joyous. Veronese knows better. That young hope is vain 20 hope—passing away in rain of tears ; but the Hope of Veronese is aged, assured, remaining when all else has been taken away. “For tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope ;” and *that* hope maketh not ashamed. 25

She has a black veil on her head.

Then again, in the front, is Charity, red-robed ; stout in the arms,—a servant of all work, she ; but small-headed, not being specially given to thinking ; soft-eyed, her hair braided brightly ; her lips rich red, 30 sweet-blossoming. She has got some work to do even now, for a nephew of Veronese's is doubtful about coming forward, and looks very humbly and

penitently towards the Virgin—his life perhaps not having been quite so exemplary as might at present be wished. Faith reaches her small white hand lightly back to him, lays the tips of her fingers on his; but Charity takes firm hold of him by the wrist from behind, and will push him on presently, if he still hangs back.

In front of the mother kneel her two eldest children, a girl of about sixteen, and a boy a year or two younger. They are both rapt in adoration—the boy's being the deepest. Nearer us, at their left side, is a younger boy, about nine years old—a black-eyed fellow, full of life—and evidently his father's darling (for Veronese has put him full in light in the front; and given him a beautiful white silken jacket, barred with black, that nobody may ever miss seeing him to the end of time). He is a little shy about being presented to the Madonna, and for the present has got behind the pillar, blushing, but opening his black eyes wide; he is just summoning courage to peep round, and see if she looks kind. A still younger child, about six years old, is really frightened, and has run back to his mother, catching hold of her dress at the waist. She throws her right arm round him and over him, with exquisite instinctive action, not moving her eyes from the Madonna's face. Last of all, the youngest child, perhaps about three years old, is neither frightened nor interested, but finds the ceremony tedious, and is trying to coax the dog to play with him; but the dog, which is one of the little curly, short-nosed, fringy-pawed things, which all Venetian ladies petted, will not now be coaxed. For the dog is the last link in the chain of lowering

feeling, and takes his doggish views of the matter. He cannot understand, first, how the Madonna got into the house; nor, secondly, why she is allowed to stay, disturbing the family, and taking all their attention from his dogship. And he is walking away, much offended. 5

Throughout the rest of Italy, piety had become abstract, and opposed theoretically to worldly life; hence the Florentine and Umbrian painters generally separated their saints from living men. They delighted in imagining scenes of spiritual perfectness;—Paradises, and companies of the redeemed at the judgment;—glorified meetings of martyrs;—madonnas surrounded by circles of angels. If, which was rare, definite portraitures of living men were introduced, these real characters formed a kind of chorus or attendant company, taking no part in the action. At Venice all this was reversed, and so boldly as at first to shock, with its seeming irreverence, a spectator accustomed to the formalities and abstractions of the so-called sacred schools. The madonnas are no more seated apart on their thrones, the saints no more breathe celestial air. They are on our own plain ground—nay, here in our houses with us. All kind of worldly business going on in their presence, fearlessly; our own friends and respected acquaintances, with all their mortal faults, and in their mortal flesh, looking at them face to face unalarmed: nay, our dearest children playing with their pet dogs at Christ's very feet.

I once myself thought this irreverent. How foolishly! As if children whom He loved *could* play anywhere else. 30

8. The Fall of Venetian Art.

In all its roots of power, and modes of work;—in its belief, its breadth, and its judgment, I find the Venetian mind perfect.

How, then, did its art so swiftly pass away? How become, what it became unquestionably, one of the chief causes of the corruption of the mind of Italy, and of her subsequent decline in moral and political power?

By reason of one great, one fatal fault;—recklessness in aim. Wholly noble in its sources, it was
 10 wholly unworthy in its purposes.

Separate and strong, like Samson, chosen from its youth, and with the Spirit of God visibly resting on it,—like him, it warred in careless strength, and wanted in untimely pleasure. No Venetian painter
 15 ever worked with any aim beyond that of delighting the eye, or expressing fancies agreeable to himself or flattering to his nation. They could not be either, unless they were religious. But he did not desire the religion. He desired the delight.

20 The Assumption is a noble picture, because Titian believed in the Madonna. But he did not paint it to make any one else believe in her. He painted it, because he enjoyed rich masses of red and blue, and faces flushed with sunlight.

25 Tintoret's Paradise is a noble picture, because he believed in Paradise. But he did not paint it to make any one think of heaven; but to form a beautiful termination for the hall of the greater council.

Other men used their effete faiths and mean faculties
 30 with a high moral purpose. The Venetian gave the most earnest faith, and the lordliest faculty, to gild

the shadows of an antechamber, or heighten the splendours of a holiday.

Strange and lamentable as this carelessness may appear, I find it to be almost the law with the great workers. Weak and vain men have acute consciences, 5 and labour under a profound sense of responsibility. The strong men, sternly disdainful of themselves, do what they can, too often merely as it pleases them at the moment, reckless what comes of it.

I know not how far in humility, or how far in bitter 10 and hopeless levity, the great Venetians gave their art to be blasted by the sea-winds or wasted by the worm. I know not whether in sorrowful obedience, or in wanton compliance, they fostered the folly, and enriched the luxury of their age. This only I know, 15 that in proportion to the greatness of their power was the shame of its desecration and the suddenness of its fall. The enchanter's spell, woven by centuries of toil, was broken in the weakness of a moment; and swiftly, and utterly, as a rainbow vanishes, the radi- 20 ance and the strength faded from the wings of the Lion.

THE INFLUENCE OF MORALITY ON ART.

9. The Law of Help.

The highest and first law of the universe—and the other name of life is "help." The other name of death is "separation." Government and co-opera- 25 tion are in all things and eternally the laws of life. Anarchy and competition, eternally, and in all things, the laws of death.

Perhaps the best, though the most familiar example we could take of the nature and power of consistence, will be that of the possible changes in the dust we tread on.

- 5 Exclusive of animal decay, we can hardly arrive at a more absolute type of impurity than the mud or slime of a damp, over-trodden path, in the outskirts of a manufacturing town. I do not say mud of the road, because that is mixed with animal refuse; but
 10 take merely an ounce or two of the blackest slime of a beaten footpath on a rainy day, near a large manufacturing town.

That slime we shall find in most cases composed of clay (or brick-dust, which is burnt clay) mixed with
 15 soot, a little sand, and water. All these elements are at helpless war with each other, and destroy reciprocally each other's nature and power, competing and fighting for place at every tread of your foot;—sand squeezing out clay, and clay squeezing out water, and
 20 soot meddling everywhere and defiling the whole. Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is left in perfect rest, and that its elements gather together, like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relations possible.

- 25 Let the clay begin. Ridding itself of all foreign substance, it gradually becomes a white earth, already very beautiful; and fit, with help of congealing fire, to be made into finest porcelain, and painted on, and be kept in kings' palaces. But such artificial con-
 30 sistence is not its best. Leave it still quiet to follow its own instinct of unity, and it becomes not only white, but clear; not only clear, but hard; nor only clear and hard, but so set that it can deal with light in a

wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, refusing the rest. We call it then a sapphire.

Such being the consummation of the clay, we give similar permission of quiet to the sand. It also becomes, first, a white earth, then proceeds to grow clear and hard, and at last arranges itself in mysterious, infinitely fine, parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple, and red rays in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any hard material whatsoever. We call it then an opal.

In next order the soot sets to work; it cannot make itself white at first, but instead of being discouraged, tries harder and harder, and comes out clear at last, and the hardest thing in the world; and for the blackness that it had, obtains in exchange the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot. We call it then a diamond.

Last of all the water purifies or unites itself, contented enough if it only reach the form of a dew-drop; but if we insist on its proceeding to a more perfect consistence, it crystallises into the shape of a star.

And for the ounce of slime which we had by political economy of competition, we have, by political economy of co-operation, a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow.

10. Creation and Manufacture.

What, let us ask next, is the ruling character of the person who produces—the creator or maker, anciently called the poet?

Nay, it may be replied, to "create" cannot be said of man's labour.

On the contrary, it not only can be said, but is and must be said continually. You certainly do not
5 talk of creating a watch, or creating a shoe; nevertheless you *do* talk of creating a feeling. Why is this?

Look back to the greatest of all creation, that of the world. Suppose the trees had been ever so well or so ingeniously put together, stem and leaf, yet if
10 they had not been able to grow, would they have been well created? Or suppose the fish had been cut and stitched finely out of skin and whalebone; yet, cast upon the waters, had not been able to swim? Or suppose Adam and Eve had been made
15 in the softest clay, ever so neatly, and set at the foot of the tree of knowledge, fastened up to it, quite unable to fall, or do anything else, would they have been well created, or in any true sense created at all?

It will, perhaps, appear to you, after a little farther
20 thought, that to create anything in reality is to put life into it.

A poet, or creator, is therefore a person who puts things together, not as a watchmaker steel, or a shoemaker leather, but who puts life into them.

25 His work is essentially this: it is the gathering and arranging of material by imagination, so as to have in it at last the harmony or helpfulness of life, and the passion or emotion of life.

11. Of Vulgarities.

A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of
30 structure in the body, which renders it capable of the

most delicate sensation ; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply, “fineness of nature.” This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness ; in fact, *heroic* strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs ; but the white skin of Homer’s Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle, and behave itself like iron. I do not mean to call an elephant a vulgar animal ; but if you think about him carefully, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in such gentleness as is possible to elephantine nature ; not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot ; but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his path ; and in his sensitive trunk, and still more sensitive mind, and capability of pique on points of honour.

Self-command is often thought a characteristic of high-breeding ; and to a certain extent it is so, at least it is one of the means of forming and strengthening character ; but it is rather a way of imitating a gentleman than a characteristic of him ; a true gentleman has no need of self-command ; he simply feels rightly on all occasions ; and desiring to express only so much of his feeling as it is right to express, does not need to command himself. Hence perfect ease is indeed characteristic of him ; but perfect ease is inconsistent with self-restraint. Nevertheless gentlemen, so far as they fail of their own ideal, need to command themselves, and do so ; while, on the

contrary, to feel unwisely, and to be unable to restrain the expression of the unwise feeling, is vulgarity; and yet even then, the vulgarity, at its root, is not in the mistimed expression, but in the unseemly feeling; and when we find fault with a vulgar person for "exposing himself," it is not his openness, but clumsiness, and yet more the want of sensibility to his own failure, which we blame; so that still the vulgarity resolves itself into want of sensibility. Also, it is to be noted that great powers of self-restraint may be attained by very vulgar persons when it suits their purposes.

Another great sign of vulgarity is also, when traced to its root, another phase of insensibility, namely, the undue regard to appearances and manners, as in the households of vulgar persons, of all stations, and the assumption of behaviour, language, or dress unsuited to them, by persons in inferior stations of life. I say "undue" regard to appearances, because, in the undueness consists, of course, the vulgarity. It is due and wise in some sort to care for appearances, in another sort undue and unwise. Wherein lies the difference?

At first one is apt to answer quickly: the vulgarity is simply in pretending to be what you are not. But that answer will not stand. A queen may dress like a waiting-maid,—perhaps succeed, if she chooses, in passing for one; but she will not, therefore, be vulgar; nay, a waiting-maid may dress like a queen, and pretend to be one, and yet need not be vulgar, unless there is inherent vulgarity in her. In Scribe's very absurd but very amusing *Reine d'un jour*, a milliner's girl sustains the part of a queen for a day.

- ° She several times amazes and, disgusts her courtiers by her straightforwardness; and once or twice very nearly betrays herself to her maids of honour by an unqueenly knowledge of sewing; but she is not in the least vulgar, for she is sensitive, simple, and 5 generous; and a queen could be no more.

Is the vulgarity, then, only in trying to play a part you cannot play, so as to be continually detected? No; a bad amateur actor may be continually detected in his part, but yet continually detected to be 10 a gentleman: a vulgar regard to appearances has nothing in it necessarily of hypocrisy. You shall know a man not to be a gentleman by the perfect and neat pronunciation of his words: but he does not pretend to pronounce accurately; he *does* pro- 15 nounce accurately, the vulgarity is in the real (not assumed) scrupulousness.

It will be found on farther thought, that a vulgar regard for appearances is, primarily, a selfish one, resulting not out of a wish to give pleasure (as a 20 wife's wish to make herself beautiful for her husband), but out of an endeavour to mortify others, or attract for pride's sake;—the common "keeping up appearances" of society, being a mere selfish struggle of the vain with the vain. But the deepest 25 stain of the vulgarity depends on this being done, not selfishly only, but stupidly, without understanding the impression which is really produced, nor the relations of importance between oneself and others, so as to suppose that their attention is fixed upon 30 us, when we are in reality ciphers in their eyes—all which comes of insensibility. Hence pride simple is not vulgar (the looking down on others because

of their true inferiority to us), nor vanity simple (the desire of praise), but conceit simple (the attribution to ourselves of qualities we have not), is always so.

5 Finally, vulgarity is indicated by coarseness of language or manners, only so far as this coarseness has been contracted under circumstances not necessarily producing it. The illiterateness of a Spanish or Calabrian peasant is not vulgar, because they had
 10 never an opportunity of acquiring letters; but the illiterateness of an English school-boy is. So again, provincial dialect is not vulgar; but cockney dialect, the corruption, by blunted sense, of a finer language continually heard, is so in a deep degree; and again,
 15 of this corrupted dialect, that is the worst which consists, not in the direct or expressive alteration of the form of a word, but in an unmusical destruction of it by dead utterance and bad or swollen formation of lip. There is no vulgarity in—

20 “ Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
 Blythe was she, but and ben,
 And weel she liked a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen ;”

but much in Mrs. Gamp's inarticulate “bottle on the
 25 chumleypiece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.”

So also of personal defects, those only are vulgar which imply insensibility or dissipation. There is no vulgarity in the emaciation of Don Quixote, the deformity of the Black Dwarf, or the corpulence of
 30 Falstaff; but much in the same personal characters,

as they are seen in Uriah Heep, Quilp, and Chadband.

All the different impressions connected with negligence or foulness depend, in like manner, on the degree of insensibility implied. Disorder in a drawing-room is vulgar, in an antiquary's study, not; the black battle-stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a housemaid is.

And lastly, courage, so far as it is a sign of race, is peculiarly the mark of a gentleman or a lady: but it becomes vulgar if rude or insensitive, while timidity is not vulgar, if it be a characteristic of race or fineness of make. A fawn is not vulgar in being timid, nor a crocodile "gentle" because courageous.

Without following the inquiry into farther detail, we may conclude that vulgarity consists in a deadness of the heart and body, resulting from prolonged, and especially from inherited conditions of "degeneracy," or literally "un-racing;" — gentlemanliness, being another word for an intense humanity. And vulgarity shows itself primarily in dulness of heart, not in rage or cruelty, but in inability to feel or conceive noble character or emotion.

12. Social Ideals.

The most helpful and sacred work which can at present be done for humanity, is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how "to better themselves," but how to "satisfy themselves." It is the curse of every nation and evil creature to eat, and *not* be satisfied.

The words of blessing are, that they shall eat and be satisfied. And as there is only one kind of water, which quenches all thirst, so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger—the bread of justice, or righteousness; which hungering after, men shall always be filled, that being the bread of Heaven; but hungering after the bread, or wages, of unrighteousness, shall not be filled, that being the bread of Sodom.

And, in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life,—this, at present of all arts or sciences being the one most needing study. Humble life,—that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days. So, also, not excluding the idea of providence, or provision, but wholly of accumulation,—the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure;—therefore, chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world.

What length and severity of labour may be ultimately found necessary for the procuring of the due comforts of life, I do not know; neither what degree of refinement it is possible to unite with the so-called servile occupations of life: but this I know, that right economy of labour will, as it is understood, assign to each man as much as will be healthy for him, and no more; and that no refinements are desirable which cannot be connected with toil.

I say, first, that due economy of labour will assign to each man the share which is right. Let no technical,

labour be wasted on things useless or unpleasurable; and let all physical exertion, so far as possible, be utilized, and it will be found that no man need ever work more than is good for him. I believe an immense gain in the bodily health and happiness of the upper classes would follow on their steadily endeavouring, however clumsily, to make the physical exertion they now necessarily take in amusements, definitely serviceable. It would be far better, for instance, that a gentleman should mow his own fields, than ride over other people's.

Again, respecting degrees of possible refinement, I cannot yet speak positively, because no effort has yet been made to teach refined habits to persons of simple life.

The idea of such refinement has been made to appear absurd, partly by the foolish ambition of vulgar persons in low life, but more by the worse than foolish assumption, acted on so often by modern advocates of improvement, that "education" means teaching Latin, or algebra, or music, or drawing, instead of developing or "drawing out" the human soul.

It may not be the least necessary that a peasant should know algebra, or Greek, or drawing. But it may, perhaps, be both possible and expedient that he should be able to arrange his thoughts clearly, to speak his own language intelligibly, to discern between right and wrong, to govern his passions, and to receive such pleasures of ear or sight as his life may render accessible to him. I would not have him taught the science of music; but most assuredly I would have him taught to sing. I would not teach

him the science of drawing; but certainly I would teach him to see; without learning a single term of botany, he should know accurately the habits and uses of every leaf and flower in his fields; and un-
 5 encumbered by any theories of moral or political philosophy, he should help his neighbour, and disdain a bribe.

All effort in social improvement is paralyzed, because no one has been bold or clear-sighted
 10 enough to put and press home this radical question: "What is indeed the noblest tone and reach of life for men; and how can the possibility of it be extended to the greatest numbers?" It is answered, broadly and rashly, that wealth is good; that knowledge is
 15 good; that art is good; that luxury is good. 'Whereas none of them are good in the abstract, but good only if rightly received. Nor have any steps whatever been yet securely taken,—nor, otherwise than in the resultless rhapsody of moralists,—to ascertain what
 20 luxuries and what learning it is either kind to bestow, or wise to desire. This, however, at least, we know, shown clearly by the history of all time, that the arts and sciences, ministering to the pride of nations, have invariably hastened their ruin; and this, also, without
 25 venturing to say that I know, I nevertheless firmly believe, that the same arts and sciences will tend as distinctly to exalt the strength and quicken the soul of every nation, which employs them to increase the comfort of lowly life, and grace with happy
 30 intelligence the unambitious courses of honourable toil.

13. Two Boyhoods,—Giorgione and Turner.

Born half-way between the mountains and the sea—that young George of Castelfranco—of the Brave Castle:—Stout George they called him, George of Georges, so goodly a boy he was—Giorgione.

Have you ever thought what a world his eyes 5
opened on—fair, searching eyes of youth? What a world of mighty life, from those mountain roots to the shore;—of loveliest life, when he went down, yet so young, to the marble city—and became himself as a fiery heart to it? 10

A city of marble, did I say? nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew, in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green 15
wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea,—the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster, stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted 20
armour shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable,—every word a fate—sate her senate. In hope and honour, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written 25
and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power, 30

it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in these tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them, no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure, as not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dreamlike, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free wands and fiery clouds ranging at their will,—brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.

Such was Giorgione's school—such Titian's home.

Near the south-west corner of Covent Garden, a square brick pit or well is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate; and if you stand long enough under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave quiet access to a respectable barber's shop, of which the front window,

looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled, in this year (1860), with a row of bottles, connected, in some defunct manner, with a brewer's business. A more fashionable neighbourhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now—never certainly a cheerful one— 5 wherein a boy being born on St. George's day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded.

No knights to be seen there, nor, I imagine, many beautiful ladies; their costume at least disadvantageous, depending much on incumbency of hat and feather, and short waists; the majesty of men founded similarly on shoe-buckles and wigs;—impressive enough when Reynolds will do his best for it; but 15 not suggestive of much ideal delight to a boy.

"Bello ovile dov' io dormii agnello:" of things beautiful, besides men and women, dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings; deep furrowed cabbage-leaves at the greengrocer's; magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner; and Thames' shore within three minutes' race.

None of these things very glorious; the best, however, that England, it seems, was then able to provide for a boy of gift: who, such as they are, loves them—never, indeed, forgets them. The short waists modify to the last his visions of Greek ideal. His foregrounds had always a succulent cluster or two of greengrocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Gardens of the Hesperides; and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in

the London dawn crosses, many and many a time,
the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames' shore,
with its stranded barges and glidings of red sail,
dearer to us than Lucerne lake or Venetian lagoon—
5 by Thames' shore we will die.

14. Turner's Teaching.

Under these influences pass away the first reflective hours of life, with such conclusion as they can reach. In consequence of a fit of illness, he was taken—I cannot ascertain in what year—to live with an aunt, at
10 Brentford; and here, I believe, received some schooling, which he seems to have snatched vigorously; getting knowledge, at least by translation, of the more picturesque classical authors, which he turned presently to use, as we shall see. Hence also, walks
15 about Putney and Twickenham in the summer-time acquainted him with the look of English meadow-ground in its restricted states of paddock and park; and with some round-headed appearances of trees, and stately entrances to houses of mark: the avenue
20 at Bushey, and the iron gates and carved pillars of Hampton, impressing him apparently with great awe and admiration; so that in after-life his little country house is,—of all places in the world,—at Twickenham! Of swans and reedy shores he now learns the
25 soft motion and the green mystery, in a way not to be forgotten.

And at last fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin; and one summer's evening, after various wonderful stage-coach experiences on the north road, which gave him a love of stage-coaches ever after, he

finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time, the silence of Nature round him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last; no roll of cart-wheel, nor mutter of sullen voices in the back shop; but curlew-cry in space of heaven, and welling of bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead-wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated garden, all passed away like the dream of a prisoner; and behold, far as foot or eye can race or range, the moor, and cloud. Loveliness at last. It is here then, among these deserted vales! Not among men. Those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces;—that multitudinous, marred humanity—are not the only things that God has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred. Pride of purple rocks, and river pools of blue, and tender wilderness of glittering trees, and misty lights of evening on immeasurable hills.

Beauty, and freedom, and peace; and yet another teacher, graver than these. Sound preaching at last here, in Kirkstall crypt, concerning fate and life. Here, where the dark pool reflects the chancel pillars, and the cattle lie in unhindered rest, the soft sunshine on their dappled bodies, instead of priests' vestments; their white furry hair ruffled a little, fitfully, by the evening wind deep-scented from the meadow thyme.

Consider deeply the import to him of this, his first sight of ruin, and compare it with the effect of the architecture that was around Giorgione. There were indeed aged buildings, at Venice, in his time, but none in decay. All ruin was removed, and its

place filled as quickly as in our London ; but filled always by architecture loftier and more wonderful than that whose place it took, the boy himself happy to work upon the walls of it ; so that the
5 idea of the passing away of the strength of men and beauty of their works never could occur to him sternly. Brighter and brighter the cities of Italy had been rising and broadening on hill and plain, for three hundred years. He saw only strength and
10 immortality, could not but paint both, conceived the form of man as deathless, calm with power, and fiery with life.

Turner saw the exact reverse of this. In the present work of men, meanness, aimlessness, unsightli-
15 ness. thin-walled, lath divided, narrow-garreted houses of clay ; booths of a darksome Vanity Fair, busily base.

But on Whitby Hill, and by Bolton Brook, remained traces of other handiwork. Men who could build had been there ; and who also had wrought,
20 not merely for their own days. But to what purpose ? Strong faith, and steady hands, and patient souls—can this, then, be all you have left ? this the sum of your doing on the earth,—a nest whence the night-owl may whimper to the brook, and a ribbed
25 skeleton of consumed arches, looming above, the bleak banks of mist, from its cliff to the sea !

As the strength of men to Giorgione, to Turner their weakness and vileness, were alone visible. They themselves, unworthy or ephemeral ; their work,
30 despicable, or decayed. In the Venetian's eyes, all beauty depended on man's presence and pride ; in Turner's, on the solitude he had left, and the humiliation he had suffered.

And thus the fate and issue of all his work were determined at once.* He must be a painter of the strength of nature, there was no beauty elsewhere than in that; he must paint also the labour and sorrow and passing away of men: this was the great human truth visible to him.

Their labour, their sorrow, and their death. Mark the three. Labour; by sea and land, in field and city, at forge and furnace, helm and plough. No pastoral indolence nor classic pride shall stand between him and the troubling of the world; still less between him and the toil of his country,—blind, tormented, unwearied, marvellous England.

• Also their Sorrow; Ruin of all their glorious work, passing away of their thoughts and their honour, mirage of pleasure, FALLACY OF HOPE; gathering of weed on temple step; gaining of wave on deserted strand; weeping of the mother for the children, desolate by her breathless first-born in the streets of the city, desolate by her last sons slain, among the beasts of the field.

And their Death. That old Greek question again;—yet unanswered. The unconquerable spectre still fitting among the forest trees at twilight; rising ribbed out of the sea-sand,—white, a strange Aphrodite,—out of the sea-foam; stretching its gray, cloven wings among the clouds; turning the light of their sunsets into blood. This has to be looked upon, and in a more terrible shape than ever Salvator or Dürer saw it. The wreck of one guilty country does not infer the ruin of all countries, and need not cause general terror respecting the laws of the universe.

Neither did the orderly and narrow succession of domestic joy and sorrow in a small German community bring the question in its breadth, or in any unresolvable shape, before the mind of Durer. But
5 the English death—the European death of the nineteenth century—was of another range and power; more terrible a thousand fold in its merely physical grasp and grief; more terrible, incalculably, in its mystery and shame. What were the robber's casual
10 pang, or the range of the flying skirmish, compared to the work of the axe, and the sword, and the famine, which was done during this man's youth on all the hills and plains of the Christian earth, from Moscow to Gibraltar? He was eighteen years old
15 when Napoleon came down on Arcola. Look on the map of Europe, and count the blood-stains on it, between Arcola and Waterloo.

Not alone those blood-stains on the Alpine snow, and the blue of the Lombard plain. The English
20 death was before his eyes also. No decent, calculable, consoled dying; no passing to rest like that of the aged burghers of Nuremberg town. No gentle processions to churchyards among the fields, the bronze crests bossed deep on the memorial tablets,
25 and the skylark singing above them from among the corn. But the life trampled out in the slime of the street, crushed to dust amidst the roaring of the wheel, tossed countless away into howling winter wind along five hundred leagues of rock-fanged shore.
30 Or, worst of all, rotted down to forgotten graves through years of ignorant patience, and vain seeking for help from man, for hope in God—infirm, imperfect yearning, as of motherless infants starving at

- the dawn ; oppressed royalies of captive thought,
vague ague-fits of bleak, amazed despair.

This was the sight which opened on the young eyes, this the watchword sounding within the heart of Turner in his youth.

5

•So taught, and prepared for his life's labour, sate the boy at last alone among his fair English hills ; and began to paint, with cautious toil, the rocks, and fields, and trickling brooks, and soft white clouds of heaven.

10

EPILOGUE.

All that is involved in these passionate utterances of my youth was first expanded and then concentrated into the aphorism given twenty years afterwards in my inaugural Oxford lectures, "All great Art is Praise;" and on that aphorism, the yet bolder saying founded, "So far from Art's being immoral, in the ultimate power of it, nothing but Art is moral: Life without Industry is sin, and Industry without Art, brutality" (I forget the words, but that is their purport): and now, in writing beneath the cloudless peace of the snows of Chamouni, what must be the really final words of the book which their beauty inspired and their strength guided, I am able, with yet happier and calmer heart than ever heretofore, to enforce its simplest assurance of Faith, that the knowledge of what is beautiful leads on, and is the first step, to the knowledge of the things which are lovely and of good report; and that the laws, the life, and the joy of beauty in the material world of God, are as eternal and sacred parts of His creation as, in the world of spirits, virtue; and in the world of angels, praise.

NOTES

The thick figures refer to pages of this volume ; the small figures to the lines.

I

MODERN PAINTERS, VOL. I., was written during the winter of 1842-3 at Herne Hill ; the author being twenty-three years of age. It was published on April 5, 1843, and has been nine times reprinted in England, beside foreign editions.

Turner and the Ancients was the title originally intended by the author ; for though the book contains many notices of Prout, Harding, Cox, Stanfield, and other English landscape artists who were the "modern painters" of half a century ago, yet the chief place is given to Turner, whose work is contrasted throughout with that of the "Ancients," or "Old Masters" of landscape, of the Italian and Dutch schools.

For short accounts of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775-1851), and his contemporaries, see Chesneau's "English School of Painting," edited by Mr. Ruskin (Cassell, 5s.).

Page 1, l. 2. *Distinct ends.* There are two results at which landscape painters may aim ; either to "induce a conception," i.e., to present the scene "as in a looking-glass," or to interpret the poetry of nature. See pp. 98, 99.

P. 2. *Claude Gellée*, called Le Lorrain from the country of his birth, spent his life (1600-1682) chiefly at Rome. He was the first great painter of aerial distance, the effect of sunshine, and sea waves. His truth to certain aspects of nature, and the elegance of his poetical treatment, gave him for two hundred years the highest place among landscape artists ; and at the time when "Modern Painters" was written, his style was taken as the standard of perfection. Turner and the rest were praised

by the critics when they painted like Claude, and pronounced ridiculous^o and vulgar when^f they ventured to depart from his rules. This excessive reverence for tradition and blind scorn of innovation were the objects of our author's attack in his youthful essay in defence of the English School; from which this passage and the following are given as lively examples of his method of contrast. The reader who wishes to study Mr. Ruskin's mature judgment of Claude is referred to "Modern Painters," vol. v. p. 249-252.

Il Mulino: "The Mill."

L. 26. *Hobby-horses*: diminutive and stiffly drawn, looking like the toy-horses in old May-day games.

P. 3, l. 18. *Tivoli*: the ancient Tibur, on the Anio, about twenty miles from Rome, famous for its fine air and picturesque scenery.

L. 20. "Ideal": with this sarcastic description of false idealism compare the account of true idealism, p. 97, lines 13-23.

P. 4, l. 2. *Carious*: rotten. "The vegetable soil of the Campagna is chiefly formed by decomposed lavas, and under it lies a bed of white pumice, exactly resembling remnants of bones" (Author's note).

P. 5, l. 6. *Pyramid of Caius Cestius*: the only Roman pyramid, tomb of an *epulo* or religious dignitary under Augustus. Shelley, in the preface to "Adonais," says: "John Keats died at Rome . . . and was buried in the romantic and lovely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." There Shelley's heart was afterwards buried. Recent alterations have made the description no longer applicable.

P. 6. *Gaspar Dughet* (1613-1675), the adopted son of the great Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665), was, like Claude, a Frenchman living in Rome, and a landscape painter famous for his atmospheric effects, especially of storm.

L. 1. *In the National Gallery*, London, No. 98.

L. 12. *Painted in*, like "laid in," "washed in," suggests that the detail had still to be "worked out."

L. 28. *Not long ago*: in January, 1841. The author was in the habit of recording the scenes through which he travelled, both in drawing and in a carefully written journal. Some account of his written notes of this view is given in "*Præterita*," vol. ii., chap. iii., "*Cumæ*." The fine drawing of the same subject is still in existence, showing with what care the materials for "*Modern Painters*" were collected.

P. 7, l. 1. *Veiento*: a blackmailing libeller, banished by Nero. "Everything at Rome has its price: how much, to get Veiento to hold his tongue when he sees you?" (Juvenal, iii. 185). "He is like a beggar at the carriage-wheels at Aricia" (Juv., iv. 117). His *prototypes* are therefore the beggars who infest that same bit of road, which their *successors* still infest.

L. 10. *Ilex*: evergreen oak.

P. 8, l. 25. *Stand upon the peak*. The place is not fixed in the original book, because each sentence is referred to some picture of Turner's, as illustrating a series of typical sky-effects, twice round the clock; and exhibiting Turner's variety as contrasted with the limited range of the old masters' observation. But the passage is really based on notes of a night on the Rigi in August 1835 (see the "*Poems of John Ruskin*," vol. i., "*A Letter from Abroad*," and note liii.).

P. 9, l. 8. *Atlantis*: the happy land in the "Atlantic" Ocean, imagined by the Greeks, and described by Plato in the dialogue "*Critias*."

L. 10. *Starry spires*: "The glittering towers of fair Lucerne" in the "*Letter from Abroad*" above mentioned. The Swiss church spires are often covered with tin, that glitters in the sunshine.

P. 11, l. 8. *His brethren*: the other "old masters."

L. 30. *Delivered this His message*: described the wonders of God's creation.

P. 12, l. 9. *Cuyp*, Aelbert (1620-1691), the great Dutch landscape painter.

L. 11. *Fishing for idealities*: choosing to paint only what was thought "*ideal*:" see p. 3.

L. 18. *The England series*: Lloyd's "*Picturesque Views in England and Wales*" (1832); ninety-one engravings after Turner's drawings.

L. 20. *Salvator Rosa* (1615-1673), the Neapolitan painter of

brigands and savage landscape; a lover of wild nature, but not so close an observer as Turner.

L. 22. *Strata*, the beds in which sedimentary rock has been deposited; see Geikie's "Primer of Geology," § 89 (Macmillan, 1s.).

L. 26. *Joints*: the parallel cracks cutting across the strata.

P. 14, l. 3. *Débris*: ruin, rubbish.

L. 11. *The whole truth*: strikingly confirmed by the scientific account, and section, given by Mr. C. T. Clough, F.G.S., in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, November 1876. The High Force of Tees is, like Niagara, formed of hard rock, lying over soft. The soft shale and limestone are eaten away underneath, and the hard basalt falls in, time after time; and so the face of the waterfall recedes. The presentation of the "whole truth" about the especial character of this fall is an instance of the "second end" of landscape painting (p. 2). The spectator is left free to choose his own points of pleasure and thought in the picture, or it would be a mere diagram; but he is none the less instructed by the "penetrating intelligence" that anticipated the conclusions of modern geologists.

L. 18. *Aqueous erosion*, the sculpture of the earth's surface by the action of water.

P. 15, l. 20. *Yeast*. "The *yesty waves* of Shakspeare have made the likeness familiar, and probably most readers take the expression as merely equivalent to *foamy*; but Shakspeare knew better. Sea-foam does not, under ordinary circumstances, last a moment after it is formed, but disappears in a mere white film. But the foam of a prolonged tempest is altogether different,—it is *whipped* foam, thick, permanent, and in a foul or discoloured sea, very ugly, especially in the way it hangs about the tops of the waves, and gathers into clotted concretions before the driving wind" (Author's note).

P. 16, l. 24. *The Snowstorm*: now No. 530 in the National Gallery.

P. 17, l. 5. *The Slave Ship*: a picture formerly belonging to Mr. Ruskin, now in America.

P. 18, l. 4. *The Guilty Ship*. "She is a slaver, throwing her slaves overboard. The near sea is encumbered with corpses" (Author's note). Negroes that died a natural death on the "middle passage," or voyage from Africa to America, were so

much loss to the owners of the ship: accidents were charged to the underwriters. It was said that captains had orders from their owners to see that no negroes died on board—and that sometimes they carried out their instructions with fierce fidelity. In 1783 a captain was charged with drowning 132 sickly negroes, in order to save the insurance to his owners. This is probably the incident which Turner, sixty years later, had in mind.

L. 9. *Incarnadines*, reddens: a quotation from *Macbeth*, Act ii, scene 2.

L. 28. *The present day*, i.e., 1843: this passage was not without influence on the movement which led up to Pre-Raphaelitism, and is not without value in this "present day."

P. 21, l. 28. *Chiaroscuro*: light and shade; Italian *chiaro*, "clear," bright, and *oscuro*, "obscure," dark.

P. 23, l. 5. *A higher Authority and Master*: the teaching of God as seen in Nature.

II

MODERN PAINTERS, VOL. II., was written during the winter of 1845-6, and published April 24, 1846. There have been twelve English editions. This work is the author's youthful contribution to the philosophy of art. In the dignified language of Hooker and the earlier prose writers, he discusses the nature and elements of Beauty, and classifies and analyses the workings of Imagination. Our selections give not merely samples of the style, but a sketch of the argument and conduct of the book. The first part is the definition of Beauty (in extract 1) as "Typical," under six heads (2 to 7), and "Vital," both in plants and animals (8). The second part is on Imagination as distinguished from Fancy (9), and illustrated in its most striking results (10-12).

P. 24, l. 5. *Typical*: corresponding in the material world to God's character and dealings in the spiritual world. The meaning of the author is made plain in the following examples—extracts 2-7.

L. 7. *Fulfillment of function*: performance of their part; filling the place they are made for; using their powers and doing their duty. This is further explained in extract 8, p. 35.

L. 14. *The fitness of a proportion, &c.* Much had been written by early philosophers on the connection of Proportion with Beauty: our author discusses the question in his chapter of Unity, and concludes, “(1) that Apparent Proportion, or the melodious connection of quantities, is a cause of unity, and therefore one of the sources of all beautiful form; (2) that Constructive Proportion” (e.g., the actual relation in size of an animal’s head to its body) “is agreeable to the mind when it is known or supposed, and that its seeming absence is painful in a like degree; but that this pleasure and pain have nothing in common with those dependent on Ideas of Beauty.” “Beautiful” can be said of what we see or hear, not of what we think or know. We sometimes speak of the “beauty” of an invention, or of the adaptation of a plant or animal to its habit and uses, or of the neatness of a demonstration in Euclid; but these are called “beautiful” only by a figure of speech.

L. 16. *Association of ideas* makes us like certain things and dislike others; but this again does not depend on their beauty or ugliness.

P. 25, l. 3. *Crystals, &c.* “These seem important exceptions; they are not so, and are themselves liable to much exception. Crystals are indeed subject to rectilinear limitations; but their real surfaces are continually curved. Rays of light are varied by infinite gradation; the level of calm water is only right-lined when it is shoreless” (Author’s note).

L. 23. *I shall presently, &c.*, referring to passages not included in these selections.

L. 33. *Lusus nature*: freak of nature: the ancient term for phenomena not easily explained by known physical laws.

P. 26, l. 4. *Local colour*: the actual colouring of things, as they are seen near at hand and in ordinary light; not counting the influence of sunshine or shade, reflected light or hazy atmosphere. *Aerial perspective*, alteration of the local colour, seen in the objects at a distance.

P. 27, l. 1. *Spirit*: human soul.

L. 7. *These*: i.e., sympathy, giving and taking, and love.

L. 12. *Essential*: because the essence, or being, of each depends on the Creator’s, “in whom we live and move and have our being.”

L. 23. *Turns the dust*: see p. 170.

P. 28, l. 10. *Jacopo della Quercia*, born near Siena, 1374; completed for the gate of the Baptistery at Florence, 1401; began the great fountain at Siena, 1469; went to Lucca, 1418-1419, during which visit he made this effigy. After a busy life in various cities, he died at Siena in 1438.

• L. 11. *Marta di Carretto*, or del Carretto, daughter of Charles, Marquis of Carretto, and wife of Paolo Guinigi, Lord of Lucca, died 1405. The monument was broken to pieces when Guinigi was driven from Lucca by his enemies; but the effigy was spared. There is a cast in the South Kensington Museum, and a water-colour drawing of the head by the editor of this volume in the St. George's (Ruskin) Museum, Sheffield.

L. 13. *Not as more beautiful*. "It is forty years since I first saw it, and I have never found its like" (Author's note, 5th November 1882).

P. 29, l. 21. *Elizabethan ornament*: architectural details of the period of Queen Elizabeth.

• P. 30, l. 3. *Tintoret*: the Venetian painter, Jacopo Robusti, called Tintoretto, "the dyer's lad" (1518-1594). His work is not very well represented in the National Gallery, and can be studied only at Venice.

Titian: Tiziano Vecellio (1477-1576), with his friend Giorgione, headed the revolution in art introducing the modern style of painting, in which, among other developments, greater attention was given to landscape, chiefly in the background of figure-pieces, but also sometimes in studies of landscape scenery. See his pictures, Nos. 4, 34, 35, 270, and 635, in the National Gallery.

L. 22. *Giotto*: the great Florentine painter and friend of Dante (1266-1336). As architect he designed the Tower of Florence Cathedral (see p. 60). His works can be studied only at Florence, Assisi, and Padua.

L. 23. *Ghirlandaio*, Domenico del (1449-1494), the master of Michael Angelo. His work should not be judged from the head in the National Gallery, but rather from the great decorative paintings in the choir of Sta. Maria Novella, Florence. The *chorus-like side figures* are the groups he used to paint, to right and left of the principal actors in his scenes, like the chorus in a Greek play.

L. 25. *The Crucifixion*: see p. 40.

P. 31, l. 3. *Of this, however, hereafter.* This phrase can hardly be omitted from the paragraph, which it closes, like the last bar of a passage of music; but limits of space forbid further extracts on the same subject.

L. 20. *Things which are not felt, &c.*: an improvement on the common definition of dirt, as matter in the wrong place.

P. 32, l. 19. *Viola*: "'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on" (*Twelfth Night*, Act i. scene 5).

L. 20. *Atrides*, Menelæus, the son of Atreus. "As when a Maonian or Carian woman stains ivory with purple" (or crimson), *Iliad*, iv. 141.

P. 33, l. 5. *Energizing*: "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do His good pleasure" (*Phil.* ii. 13).

L. 24. *Apocalyptic description*, Rev. xvii. 1 and xxi. 18.

P. 34, l. 30. *Chrysoprase*. Silica, when it is found in crystals, is called quartz; in uncrystallised masses it is called chalcedony; and when chalcedony is coloured apple-green by nickel oxide it is called chrysoprase (Rev. xxi. 20).

P. 35, l. 14. *Fragile flower*: *Soldanella alpina*.

P. 37, l. 28. *Retsch*: Moritz Retzsch, a German draughtsman of the earlier part of this century. His outlines to Schiller's poem, "The Fight with the Dragon," were formerly popular; "occasionally showing true fancy and power" (Ruskin, "Elements of Drawing," Appendix II.).

P. 38, l. 18. *Jason*: the dragon-slayer of Greek mythology. *Liber Studiorum*, Turner's "Book of Studies;" engravings after his drawings, published 1807 to 1819. Autotype copies of the plates can be bought for 2s. each.

L. 31. *By the middle*. The author has just been saying, "The imagination sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt; but is often obscure, mysterious and interrupted, in its giving of outer detail."

P. 39, l. 14. *A faculty dependent on attention*: explained below in line 25.

P. 40, l. 22. *The Crucifixion*: a picture in the School of S. Rocco, Venice, painted 1565.

L. 26. *Angelic*: Fra Giovanni of Fiesole, called "the angelic" (1387-1455). See his picture, No. 663, in the National Gallery.

L. 30. *Byzantines*: the old decorative painters of Byzantium (Constantinople), whose style was superseded by Giotto and his contemporaries.

L. 31. *Perugino*: Pietro Vannucci of Perugia (1446-1523), the master of Raffaello. See his pictures, Nos. 181, 288, 1075, in the National Gallery.

• P. 41, l. 5. *Eloi* (Mark xv. 34).

P. 42, l. 7. *Raffaello*: Raffaello Sanzio (1483-1520). See his pictures in the National Gallery, especially Nos. 1171 and 213.

L. 8. *Fuseli*, Henry, R.A. (born at Zurich 1741; died at Putney, 1825); Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy.

P. 43, l. 5. *The scene* of Tintoret's picture in the School of San Rocco, Venice.

L. 11. *The doomed Moabite* (2 Kings iii. 22).

• P. 44, l. 9. *Scuola*: the "School," or guild-hall, of the Brotherhood of San Rocco, begun in 1517, and famous for this series of paintings by Tintoret, of which are here mentioned, beside the Crucifixion and the Massacre, the Flight into Egypt, Gethsemane, Christ before Pilate, and on p. 47, the Baptism of Christ.

L. 28. *Neglected chambers*—now restored.

P. 45, l. 5. *Sta. Maria dell' Orto*—"St. Mary of the Garden," a church in Venice.

L. 11. *Campo Santo*: literally, "holy field," "God's acre."

L. 14. *Orcagna*: Andrea di Cione, called Arcagnuolo (the Archangel), shortened to Orcagna (about 1308-1368), a Florentine painter, sculptor, and architect of the early period, between Giotto and Angelico. He is not unrepresented in the National Gallery; but his power cannot be felt without seeing his Last Judgment and Paradise in the church of Sta. Maria Novella, Florence.

L. 19. *Michael Angelo* Buonarrotti (1475-1564). His great Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel, Rome, a seven years' labour, begun 1534.

L. 23. *Fra Bartolommeo*. Baccio della Porta of Florence (1475-1517) became in youth a convert of Savonarola, and a monk; and after the reformer's death, 1498, painted his first important work, the Last Judgment in the Hospital of Sta. Maria Nuova, Florence.

P. 46, l. 10. *The Boat*, adopted from Greek mythology :—

“ And lo ! towards us coming in a boat
 An old man, hoary with the hair of eld,
 Crying, ‘ Woe unto you, ye souls depraved ! ’ . . .
 Charon the demon, with the eyes of glede,
 Beckoning to them, collects them all together,
 Beats with his oar whoever lags behind.’ ”

—DANTE, *Inferno*, iii.

Michael Angelo illustrates the passage in his Last Judgment.

L. 14. *Hylas* : the boy in Greek mythology whom the water nymphs seized by the feet and dragged into the fountain.

L. 16. *Lethe* : the river of forgetting ; see p. 108, l. 23.

L. 31. *Siloam* (John ix. 6).

P. 47, l. 32. *The Entombment*, by Tintoret ; a picture at Parma.

III

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE was written in London in the winter of 1848-9, and published May 10, 1849, with illustrations drawn and etched by the author. Six English editions. The “Seven Lamps” are the seven guiding laws or moral principles which affect man as a building creature, and the work of his hands as the expression of his mind. What these laws are, and how they are to be applied, will easily be gathered from the extracts here given.

P. 50, l. 2. *Human stewardship* : see Luke xii. 41-48.

L. 22. *True luxury, profited by*. A student must have his books and collections, and proper places to keep them ; an artist needs his good light ; a musician his Stradivarius violin ; a writer his convenient and quiet study ; and so forth. These are the tools of their trade, though to others such things may be only fancies and extravagances.

P. 53, l. 28. *The roof* : the vaulting inside the cathedral, painted in imitation of perforated stone-work.

P. 54, l. 5. *Sistine Chapel* : the Pope’s private chapel at Rome, containing Michael Angelo’s Last Judgment (see p. 45) and the celebrated ceiling painted by him.

L. 6. *Grisaille*: the French for painting in grey.

L. 7. *Frescoes*. The name is often wrongly given to any decorative painting on a wall or ceiling. It is here used properly of paintings done on a surface of fresh (Italian "fresco") wet plaster.

P. 55, l. 19. *Intrinsic value*: real worth as a beautiful work of art, not a mere curiosity or rarity.

• P. 56, l. 14. *Or San Michele*: the granary (Latin, *horreum*) of St. Michael, at Florence. On the site of a previous corn-magazine, a Gothic chapel was built in 1350, with a hall for a corn-exchange above. Orcagna (see p. 45 and note) designed the high altar and its canopy, finished 1359.

P. 57, l. 2. *Salisbury Cathedral*.

L. 4. *Abbeville*: St. Wulfran's Church. The *Cathedrals* of Rouen, Rheims, Chartres, and Verona are meant.

L. 32. *War of the piazza*: the faction fights so frequent during the Middle Ages, in street and square (Ital. *piazza*; French, *place*). To defend themselves, the nobles built the palace-towers of Florence.

• P. 58, l. 16. *Cloisters* of the Chartreuse in the Savoy Alps.

L. 8. *Norman Sea*: by the shores of Normandy, where the finest French Gothic cathedrals were built.

L. 9. *Elijah's Horeb cave* (1 Kings xix. 8, 9).

P. 59, l. 20. *Ponte della Trinità*: Bridge of the Trinity, at Florence over the Arno.

P. 60, l. 5. *Campanile*: bell tower (Latin, *campānum*, a bell); in the early Middle Ages built near the church, but separate from it. This tower of the Cathedral at Florence was completely designed by Giotto (see p. 30 and note), though not finished until after his death.

P. 61, l. 4. *I said*: see p. 57, l. 25.

L. 19. *Not within the walls of Florence*: referring to the well-known story that Giotto was a shepherd-boy, found by the painter Cimabue sketching his sheep with a pointed stone for a pencil, and a flat stone for a slate.

L. 24. *I took thee from the sheepcote* (2 Sam. vii. 8).

P. 62, l. 15. *Père la Chaise*: the cemetery at Paris.

P. 63, l. 22. *It does not become our immortality, &c.*: befit us, as immortal souls, to act as soulless machines: having the powers of thought and feeling, we are bound to make proper use of them.

P. 65, l. 12. *Nébulae*, clusters; *oxalis*, the wood sorrel.

L. 13. *Virginal processions*: the French processions of girls dressed in white in May, the month of the Virgin Mary.

L. 20. *Mezereon*: *Daphne mezereum* (Linn.); in French, Bois-gentil, a kind of spurge laurel. *Polygala Alpina*, Alpine milk-wort.

P. 66, l. 24. *Joux*: an ancient castle modernized into a fort. Here Toussaint l'Ouverture, leader of the Hayti negroes in their struggle for freedom, was imprisoned by Napoleon, and died: see Wordsworth's sonnet to him in captivity, beginning "Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men."

L. 24. *Granson*, on the Lake of Neuchâtel: scene of the decisive victory of the Swiss over Charles the Bold, March 3, 1476. See Sir Walter Scott's "Anne of Geierstein," chap. xxxii.

L. 26. *Entail*: an estate which cannot be given away by its owner at his pleasure, but must pass on at his death to the next legal heir.

P. 67, l. 19. *Near him*: bring him near.

IV

THE STONES OF VENICE. Vol. I., published March 3, 1851, is a general treatise on architecture. Vol. II., published July 28, 1853, and Vol. III., published October 2, 1853, contain descriptive and historical studies of Venice and its great buildings, with many fine engravings and woodcuts from the author's drawings.

P. 70, l. 23. *Architraves*: ornamental lintels or head-stones.

P. 71, l. 3. *Kew Gothic*: modern Gothic, such as the public of 1850 were familiar with at Kew.

P. 72, l. 1. *Mestré*. The places mentioned here, and on pages 73 and 75, will be best understood from the sketch-map.

P. 75, l. 17. *Cadôre*: where Titian was born.

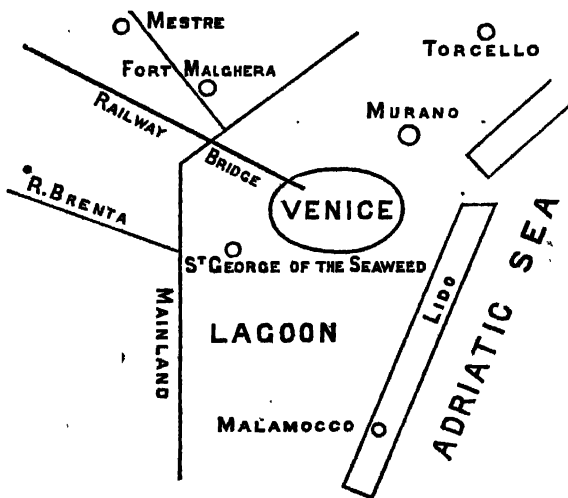
P. 76, l. 3. *Rialto*: the bridge of the Rialto, over the Grand Canal, built 1588-91.

L. 5. *Camerlenghi*: chamberlains or officers of finance; one of whom built the palace in 1525.

L. 8. *À la Staff*. "The cry *Premi* is the order from one gondolier to another that he should press or thrust forward his

oar, without the back stroke, so as to send his boat's head round to the left; the cry *Stali* is the order that he should give the return or upward stroke which sends the boat's head to the right. . . . If the warning boat is going to turn to the left, it will pass with its left-hand side to the one it meets; and the warning cry is *Stalii, Ah Stall*" (from the Author's note).

•L. 22. *The fear of the fugitive.* Venice was founded by



immigrants from the mainland, flying before the Hunnish invaders; A.D. 452.

P. 79, l. 2. *Calle Lunga San Moisè*: "long lane of St. Moses," so called from the church of that name (p. 81).

L. 6. *Seven feet wide*: now widened and modernized.

L. 15. *Istrian stone*: from Istria, the country opposite Venice, across the Adriatic.

L. 18. *Cortill*: courtyard.

P. 80, l. 12. *Vendita frittole e liquori*: fried fish and drink shop.

L. 18. *Vino Nostrano a Soldi* 28.32: wine of the country at so many sous, or halfpence, a measure.

L. 30. *Pergola*: vine arbour.

L. 33. *Campo San Moisè*: the open space in which the church stands; in ancient times a green churchyard: hence *campo*, field, and not *piazza*, square.

P. 81, l. 3. *Façade*: front; built 1668, and "notable as one of the basest examples of the base school of the Renaissance" ("Stones of Venice," vol. iii., Venetian index).

L. 7. *Austrians*: at that time in possession of Venice.

L. 12. *Tower of St. Mark*: a campanile like that of Florence (p. 60 and note), isolated from the church, and standing in the square, 322 feet in height.

L. 14. *Countless arches*: three sides of the square are enclosed with uniformly designed arcades; the fourth side occupied by the front of St. Mark's.

P. 82, l. 14. *Cleopatra-like*. "There is gold, and here My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings I have lipp'd, and trembled kissing" (*Antony and Cleop.*, Act ii. sc. 5).

L. 22. *Archivolts*: spaces around the arches.

L. 28. *Greek horse*: four bronze-gilt horses brought by the Doge (Duke) Dandolo from Constantinople in 1204 as trophies. They used to be attributed to the ancient Greek sculptor Lysippus, of the time of Alexander the Great, but are said by modern critics to be of the period of Nero.

L. 30. *St. Mark's Lion*: the emblem of the evangelist, adopted as the heraldic symbol of Venice. "Yon'll be the dogue o' Venice," said a countryman, pointing it out in Bunney's picture of St. Mark's, in the St. George's (Ruskin) Museum at Sheffield.

P. 83, l. 1. *Lido*: see the sketch-map.

L. 23. *Phosphoric*: bluish, like the glimmer of phosphorus, in contrast with the gold and lamplight.

P. 84, l. 17. *Rood*: rood-screen; the partition, carved in open work, across the chancel, before the high altar, bearing the crucifix, called in old English the Holy Rood.

L. 19. *Apse*: the rounded end of a church, behind the high altar.

P. 85, l. 7. *Arabian porch*: so called because the form of its arch is borrowed from Arabian architecture.

L. 28. *Sirocco*, scirocco, the Italian name for the south-east wind.

P. 87, l. 21. *Rest in the statutes*: acquiescence in the laws, obedience to the conditions.

L. 31. *The pile*: the Gothic architecture of the North. Compare this passage with that on the English cathedral, p. 78, and again, p. 89. *Iron buttress*, rigid and hard like iron, contrasted with the flowing curves and bright colours of St. Mark's.

P. 88, l. 15. *Helot*: slave of the Spartans in ancient Greece.

L. 22. *To see God*. "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God" (Job xix. 26).

P. 89, l. 7. *Anatomiless*: showing no knowledge of anatomy.

P. 90, l. 13. *Go, and he goeth*, &c. (Matt. viii. 9).

P. 91, l. 1. *Two hundred years ago at Inverkeithing*. "In the battle of Inverkeithing, between the Royalists and Oliver Cromwell's troops, a foster-father and seven brave sons are known to have sacrificed themselves for Sir Hector Maclean of Duart" (Sir W. Scott, preface to the "Fair Maid of Perth").

V

MODERN PAINTERS, VOL. III., was published on January 15, 1856. The author's own title was "Of Many Things." Chapters I. to X. discuss the meaning of Greatness in Art, Realism and Idealism, Finish and the Use of Pictures; and form a treatise on the Theory of Art, especially of Landscape painting. Chapters XII. to XVIII. review the growth of the feeling for Landscape, in the Classical, or Greek, period, the Middle Ages, and in modern times; leading up to Turner. The illustrations, seventeen engravings chiefly from the author's drawings, are an important part of the work—as in "Stones of Venice" and the later volumes of "Modern Painters."

* P. 94, l. 14. *Maker*. The Greek word *poietēs*, from which we have "poet," means literally "maker."

P. 95, l. 22. *These are the kind*. A certain homely carelessness of strict grammar is indulged or intended by the author when he is chatting with his reader, in passages like this.

P. 98, l. 12. *To keep it looking unreal*: Compare the passage about Michael Angelo, p. 54.

L. 16. *The first realizes, &c.* The great imaginative painter, if he sometimes paints an object in a picture so completely as to "look like life," does so, not in vulgar ambition of showing his skill and deceiving the spectator, but because he is led into close imitation by his delight in the colour of his model. "

L. 24. *A supernatural operation*: a work not to be accounted for in the ordinary course of nature; a work of "genius," i.e., special and divinely given powers of mind.

P. 99, l. 14. *Handling*: "execution," the use of the brush in laying on paint; as important in painting as "touch" in music.

L. 19. *Generalizes or particularizes*: represents the general appearance without attending to special character, or insists on details at the expense of breadth and effect.

L. 27. *Cover a palace front*. The great Venetian artists of the sixteenth century were much employed in painting the outsides of houses with pictures in fresco, which they learned to do with wonderful rapidity.

P. 100, l. 21. *Created to be beautiful* (Eccles. iii. 11).

L. 22. *Pronounced to be good* (Gen. i. 31).

P. 101, l. 4. *Art* here means "human ingenuity" in general, not "fine art" in particular.

P. 103, l. 22. *Ivory stained*: see p. 32, l. 20, and note.

P. 104. *The Homeric Ideal*: the kind of scenery admired by the early Greeks, and described in the Iliad and Odyssey.

L. 19. *Calypso*: the nymph of the fairy island Ogygia, in which the scene lies.

P. 105, l. 4. *Alcinous*: the mythic king of Phæacia, whose country is visited by Ulysses. The garden is mentioned, Od. vii. 112-132.

L. 22. *His father*: Laertes (Od., xxiv. 230 and 340-348).

L. 31. *In sight of land*: on the Phæacian coast after his shipwreck (Od., v. 394-398).

P. 106, l. 17. *In a desert island* (Od., xii. 357).

L. 18. *Meat offering*: the Greek sacrifice resembling that of the Jews: see Lev. vi. 8-18.

P. 107, l. 4. *Cyclops' country* (Od., ix. 132-141).

L. 21. *Classical landscape*. "Educated first in this school,

Turner gave the hackneyed composition a strange power and freshness, in his *Glaucus and Scylla*" (Author's note).

L. 25. *Dante Alighieri* (1265-1321), whose "*Divine Comedy*" best represents the spirit and feelings of the Middle Ages.

L. 27. *Colonos*, near Athens, the scene of Sophocles' play of *Edipus at Colonos*, in which the forest is described, lines 668-706. Dante's forest is described in the beginning of Canto xxviii. of the *Purgatory*.

P. 108, l. 18. *A lady*: the spirit of the Countess Matilda of Tuscany (d. 1115), the defender of the rights of the Church against the Emperor (*Purg.*, xxviii. 40).

L. 22. *Lethe*: see p. 46, l. 16, and note; only Dante's river of forgetting is not the river of wrath, in which the condemned are forgotten, but the waters of forgiveness, in which sin and sorrow are forgotten.

P. 109, l. 21. *The spirit of the more heavenly contemplation*: Dante's lady in glory, Beatrice (*Purg.*, xxxi. 91-114).

P. 110, l. 21. *Harlech Castle*, and line 23, *Jura*: the castle of Joux (p. 66), taken as characteristic sites of the mediæval barons' homes.

L. 29. *Egypt, or the Hellespont, &c.*, as in the case of Menelaus (*Od.*, iv.) and Jason (p. 38) in the voyage of the *Argo*.

P. 111, l. 2. *In cautious symmetry*. The early Greek sailors usually came ashore at night, and drew up their ships round the camp to guard against attack.

L. 4. *To Syrian sand*: in the Crusades.

L. 32. *Moses at Horeb* (*Exod.* iii. 1). *Israel at Sinai* (*Exod.* xix.).

L. 33. *Elijah at Cherith* (1 Kings xvii. 3-6;) *at Horeb* (1 Kings xix. 8).

P. 112, l. 1. *Moses on Nebo* (*Deut.* xxxiv. 1). *Aaron on Hor* (*Numb.* xx. 22-29).

L. 2. *Jephtha's daughter* (*Judg.* xi, 37, 38).

L. 4. *Christ's temptation in the desert* (*Matt.* iv. 1-11).

L. 5. *Sermon on the mount* (*Matt.* v. 1).

L. 6. *Transfiguration* (*Matt.* xvii. 1).

L. 7. *Walks over Olivet* (*Matt.* xxvi. 30).

L. 21. *To retire to the hill recesses*. Many of the great leaders of the Middle Ages spent some part of their lives in hermitage.

P. 113, l. 12. *Chartreuse*: the monastery of Carthusians in the Savoy Alps.

L. 13. *Vallombrosa*: the monastery founded by a Florentine penitent of the eleventh century, among the mountains of Tuscany.

L. 24. *Arnolfo* di Cambio (about 1232-1310), first architect of the cathedral at Florence, designed and modelled in wood a dome of a size until then thought impossible (Vasari, "Life of Arnolfo").

L. 25. *Albert Dürer* (1471-1528), the painter and engraver of Nuremberg.

P. 114, l. 19. *Manner*, in the language of critics, means "style," only with a shade of reproach:—style abused,—the same tricks used over and over again; the old effects cheaply reproduced. This, our author says, is not uncommon in great men, whose very power leads them to turn out vast quantities of work rapidly, without fastidiousness and scrupulous reconsideration (see p. 169, l. 5-11). But their mannerisms are the natural expressions of their own minds, while their imitators laboriously "affect" or "assume" the style—or more often the mannerism—without the strength and mental power of the master.

L. 26. *Affected*: consciously imitated from some one else; not the free and natural expression of the writer's or painter's own mind. The connection of affectation with vulgarity is suggested in p. 174, l. 12, to p. 176, l. 4.

L. 30. *Leonardo* da Vinci (1452-1519). See No. 1093 in the National Gallery, and his cartoon of the Holy Family and copy of the famous Last Supper, in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy.

P. 116, l. 24. *The pathetic fallacy* is the name given in "Modern Painters," vol. iii. chap. xii., to the habit of mind, sometimes morbid, sometimes affected, which fancies in natural objects an activity or a sensibility which they do not really possess (see p. 115, l. 28-30). It is called *pathetic* (from the Greek *pathos*, passion) because it arises from the poet's being carried away by his feelings; and *fallacy*, because it is not a true and sane view of facts. In modern poetry it is often the source of beautiful images; as "The cruel, crawling foam" in Kingsley's "Sands of Dee," or "The red rose cries She is near, she is near," &c., in Tennyson's "Maud."

P. 117, l. 4. *Grta*: (Scott's "Rokeby," ii. 16).

L. 12. *Aolian*, as of an Aolian harp, played upon by the wind.

L. 14. *Blackford Hill* ("Marmion," iv. 24).

P. 118, l. 7. *And well the lonely infant knew*: Scott of himself as a child ("Marmion," introduction to Canto iii.).

✓ P. 119, l. 29. *Priestorian mound* ("The Antiquary," Chap. iv.).

P. 120, l. 1. *For I was wayward* ("Marmion," introduction to Canto iii.).

P. 121, l. 12. *A wearied king*: like Diocletian, who abdicated A.D. 305, and replied to those who would persuade him to return to the throne, that he took more pleasure in cultivating his little garden than he had found in ruling the world. By another account, "he rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, that if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power" (Gibbon, Chap. xiii.).

VI

MODERN PAINTERS, VOL. IV., "*Of Mountain Beauty*," was published April 14, 1856. The previous volume had traced earlier ideals of landscape as far as Turner: this one begins with an analysis of Turner's ideals, his choice of picturesque subject, &c. The author then proceeds to give a sketch of the structure of mountains (the geology of scenery), with a view to proving Turner's insight and truth to nature; and he closes with two chapters on "The Mountain Gloom" and "The Mountain Glory." The volume includes thirty-five plates and many woodcuts.

P. 123, l. 1. *Has been already defined* in "Seven Lamps," vi. 12. "That peculiar character which separates the picturesque from the characters of subject belonging to the higher works of art may be shortly and decisively expressed. Picturesqueness, in this sense, is *Parasitical Sublimity*, i.e., a sublimity dependent on the accidents, or on the least essential characters, of the objects to which it belongs." In the Higher Picturesque, illus-

trated by Turner's picture of "The Lock and the Mill," there is a poetical pathos and nobility more or less felt : in the Lower Picturesque, as of most sketches of cottages and pigstyes, this poetical intention is less distinct, and the effect of mere ruggedness and variety sought for its own sake.

P. 127, l. 3. *Poor and sick*, &c. (Epitaph on Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher).

L. 19. *Sweeping it*: not the causes of poverty, but the poor themselves.

L. 21. *Offence to his nobility*: alluding to the fop in Shakespere's *Henry IV.*, Part I., Act i. sc. 3:—

" He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility."

P. 128, l. 10. *Coteaux*: hills, downs.

P. 130, l. 30. *Cynosures*: lode-stars, points of attraction.

P. 131, l. 25. *Diligence*: coach.

P. 134, l. 4. *It is not redeemed from desertness*: i.e., so far from being merely redeemed from desertness, it is, &c.

P. 135, l. 17. *Act harmfully*, &c.: prevent the full growth of a feeling for poetry among the Swiss.

L. 21. *Gotthelf*, Jeremias, the assumed name of Albert Bitzias (born at Morat, 1797; died at Lützelflüh, Emmenthal, 1855), was pastor in the canton of Berne for more than thirty years. He began writing stories at the age of forty; and during the next seventeen years he wrote twenty-five volumes, completely describing Swiss country life. His "*Ulric the Farm-Servant*" has been published by Mr. Ruskin in an English translation.

L. 30. *Professor Forbes*: James David Forbes, the geologist, author of "*Travels through the Alps*."

P. 136, l. 7. *Mont Cervin*: French name for the Matterhorn.

L. 9. *The nomenclatures*, &c. In the previous volume the author has been expressing his dislike of the pedantic terms "subjective" and "objective."

L. 17. *This noble glacier*: the glacier of Zmutt—properly written Z'Mutt, i.e., Zu Mutt,—a hamlet near it.

L. 24. *Gneiss*: a slaty kind of granite.

P. 138, l. 2. *Chamouni aiguilles*: the needle-like pinnacles of the range of Mont Blanc.

L. 24. *Out of weakness are made strong* (Heb. xi. 34).

L. 26. *Ancient river*, in which were originally deposited the materials of the mica-slate now forming the crags of the Matterhorn (see p. 12, l. 22, and note).

P. 139, l. 1. *Diluvial*: in the deep floods where the sediment settled down.

L. 22. *Plungings of the crest*. This refers especially to the Aiguille Pourri near Chamouni, in which the gullies and buttresses are singularly curved into writhing lines; but the description of the way the crags have been sculptured is true of the Matterhorn and many other mountain-crests, which have been made, not by some force pushing up the mountain into its present form, but by aqueous erosion (see p. 14, l. 18, and note).

P. 143, l. 11. *Cross*: often set up as a memorial of accidents on the mountain roads.

L. 15. *The pines, thin with excess of light*: the strong light seeming to eat away the edges of the pines, making them look thin.

P. 146, l. 20. *Simulacra*: representations, semblances.

P. 147, l. 3. *False Ideal* (see p. 3, l. 20, and note). With the following passage compare p. 92, and the extract on "Social Ideals," pp. 177-180.

L. 23. *Linda di Chamouni*: an opera by Donizetti, in which the scene is laid among the Alps.

L. 24. *Lucia di Lammermoor*: Donizetti's opera based on Scott's "Pride of Lammermoor."

P. 149, l. 3. *Prayed that he might be slain* (Numb. xi. 12-15).

L. 2. *Get thee up into this mountain* (Deut. xxxii. 49).

L. 24. *The earth open* (Numb. xvi. 32).

L. 30. *The sea* (Exod. xiv. 28).

P. 149, l. 5. *Angels waiting near* (Jude 9).

L. 7. *His companion prophet*, Elijah (2 Kings ii. 11).

L. 10. *His Lord himself buried* (Deut. xxxiv. 6).

L. 13. *To talk with that Lord* (Luke ix. 31).

VII

MODERN PAINTERS, VOL. V. (published June 14, 1860),
"Completing the work, and containing Parts VI., of Leaf
Beauty; VII., of Cloud Beauty; VIII., of Invention Formal;

IX., of *Invention Spiritual*." Illustrated with thirty-four engravings on steel and many woodcuts. By "*Invention Formal*," the author means what is usually called Composition or Arrangement of a picture. "*Invention Spiritual*" deals with the poetical suggestions conveyed by the picture, and the mental, moral, and religious character of the artist as indicated in his work.

P. 150, l. 1. *To dress it* (Gen. ii. 15).

L. 7. *At the east a flaming sword* (Gen. iii. 24).

P. 152, l. 20. *Builders with the sword*. From the shape of their leaves, the author classifies trees into two divisions,—*Builders with the shield*, which "have expanded leaves, more or less resembling shields, partly in shape, but still more in office; for under their lifted shadow the young bud of the next year is kept from harm. *Builders with the sword*, on the contrary, have sharp leaves in the shape of swords. We call them generally Pines." They are called *Builders*, because it is by the work of the leaves that the tree is built up: "The whole tree is fed partly by the earth, partly by the air; all of it which is best, in substance, life, and beauty, being drawn more from the dew of heaven than the fatness of the earth." "Every leaf connects its work with the entire and accumulated result of the work of its predecessors. Dying, it leaves its own small but well-laboured thread, adding, though imperceptibly yet essentially, to the strength, from root to crest, of the trunk on which it had lived."

P. 153, l. 14. *We give up our lives*. "Croesus, therefore, having heard these things, sent word to the people of Lampsacus that they should let Miltiades go; and, if not, he would cut them down like a pine tree"—Herodotus, vi. 37 (Author's note).

L. 16. *I said long ago*: "Modern Painters," vol. 1., written seventeen years earlier.

P. 154, l. 1. *Hades*: the realm of the dead, represented by Dante (*Inferno*, viii. 68) as the city of Dis (Pluto), with wall and gates.

P. 155, l. 6. *Muotta-thal*: seat of the war with the French, 1799.

L. 16. *Hill of Angels*: Engelberg. *Under the woods*: Unterwalden.

L. 20. *Most sacred spot*: the Rütli, where the oath was taken,

November 17, 1307, to liberate the country from the tyranny of the Austrians.

P. 158, l. 23. *As the days of a tree*, &c. (Isa. lxxv. 22, 23).

P. 159, l. 20. *Lifted up their souls*, &c. (Ps. xxiv. 4).

L. 27. *Hector*. His death is told in the Iliad, Book xxii. 306-336.

P. 160, l. 5. *At the gates of their temples*, &c.: referring to the story of Cleöbis and Bitö, who died after bringing their mother to the temple of Hêrê at Argos (Herodotus, i. 31); and the death of Leonidas at Thermopylæ (Herodotus, vii. 221).

L. 11. *Anacreontic temper*: in the careless spirit of the drinking-songs and love-ditties attributed to the Greek poet Anacreon (about 530 B.C.).

P. 163, l. 3. *Maremma*: pestilential marshes.

L. 11. *The destiny of Pisa*. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Pisa was the leading maritime state; but after a great victory of the Genoese in 1284 its power declined, owing probably, as the author suggests, to the difficulty of communication between the city and its port. Genoa and Venice, which succeeded Pisa in the command of the sea, were immediately in touch with their navies.

L. 17. *Lido*: see the sketch-map, p. 203.

L. 18. *Tramontane*, *Tramontana* (Italian), the north wind, from "beyond the mountains."

P. 164, l. 4. *Plenary and brief*: full absolution, given at once—~~at~~, death.

L. 13. *Veronese*: Paolo Cäliari of Verona (1528-1588): see his pictures in the National Gallery, Nos. 294, 1041, and others. The picture of his family is at Dresden.

L. 22. *St. Jerome*: the translator of the Bible into Latin, and founder of the monastery at Bethlehem; a cardinal, and one of the favourite subjects of Venetian painters (see p. 162, l. 30).

P. 165, l. 23. *For tribulation*, &c. (Rom. v. 3, 4).

P. 167, l. 15. *Chorus*: see p. 30, l. 23, and note.

P. 168, l. 20. *The Assumption of the Virgin*: a picture by Titian in the Academy at Venice.

L. 25. *Tintoret's Paradise*: a picture in the Hall of the Greater Council, Ducal Palace, Venice.

P. 170, l. 35. *It becomes*: i.e., under favourable circumstances would crystallise—the clay (alumina) into sapphire, the sand (silica) into opal, the soot (carbon) into diamond, and the water into a snow crystal.

L. 30. *Poet*: see p. 94, l. 14, and note.

P. 173, l. 9. *Atrides*: see p. 82, l. 20, and note.

P. 174, l. 31. *Reine d'un jour*: "Queen for One Day," a comedy by Scribe.

P. 176, l. 9. *Calabrian*: of the South of Italy.

L. 21. *But and ben*: in kitchen and parlour.

L. 23. *Tappit hen*: a quart measure.

L. 24. *Mrs. Gamp*, in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit"; *Heep*, in "David Copperfield"; *Quilp*, in "Old Curiosity Shop"; *Chadband*, in "Bleak House."

L. 30. *Black Dwarf*: the hero of Scott's novel of that name.

P. 178, l. 1. *They shall eat and be satisfied* (Ps. xxii. 26).

L. 9. *Bread of Sodom*: falling to dust and rottenness, like the "Apples of Sodom." "And there beside grow trees that bear apples very fair of colour to behold; but when we break or cut them in two, we find within ashes and cinders, which is a token that by the wrath of God the cities and the land were burned and sunk in hell" (Sir John Maundeville, "Voyage and Travel," Chap. ix.).

P. 180, l. 17. *Nor have any steps*, &c. i.e., "No steps have been taken to ascertain securely,—nor indeed to ascertain at all, except in idle talk,—what luxuries," &c.

P. 181, l. 2. *George*: Giorgio Barbarelli, called Giorgione (about 1477–1511), colleague of Titian in the revolution of art at the beginning of the sixteenth century (note to p. 30, l. 3). See his study of a knight, National Gallery, No. 269.

P. 182, l. 7. *Beneath the moon*: under the influence of the moon. There is a slight tide at Venice.

L. 17. *Torcellan shore*: of Torcello, to the north-east of Venice, beyond Murano. See map, p. 203.

P. 183, l. 6. *St. George's day*: April 23; Shakespere's birthday also.

L. 12. *Incumbency*: breadth and weight, out of proportion to the figure.

L. 15. *Reynolds*, Sir Joshua (1723–1792), famous for portraits

of the ladies and gentlemen of the time, whose ordinary costume, by artistic arrangement, he was able to render picturesque.

L. 17. *Bello ovile*, &c. : "Beautiful fold, where once a lamb I slumbered;" Dante's allusion to Florence, in the *Paradise*, xxv. 5.

• L. 31. *Gardens of the Hesperides*, National Gallery, 477.

L. 32. *Great ships go to pieces*, National Gallery, 501.

P. 184, l. 5. *By Thames' shore we will die*: Turner died at Chelsea, December 19, 1851.

L. 14. *As we shall see*, in many of his pictures in the National Gallery.

P. 185, l. 1. *Yorkshire hills*: "I do not mean that this is his first acquaintance with the country, but the first impressive and touching one, after his mind was formed. The earliest sketches I found in the National collection are at Clifton and Bristol; the next, at Oxford" (Author's note).

L. 22. *Kirkstall crypt*: the subject of a drawing for *Liber Studiorum*, No. 24 of the series in the "ground-floor" rooms of the National Gallery.

P. 186, l. 17. *Whitby Abbey*: *Bolton Abbey*. With the following sentence compare Wordsworth's sonnet, "They dreamt not of a perishable home Who thus could build."

P. 187, l. 14. *Fallacy of Hope*. Turner sometimes gave mottoes to his pictures, consisting of a few lines of original blank verse, which he attributed to an unpublished poem of his own, called "The Fallacies of Hope."

L. 16. *Weeping of the mother*, referring to "The Tenth Plague of Egypt," Nat. Gall., 470; and "Rizpah," *Liber Studiorum*. See also Exodus xi., and 2 Samuel xxi.

L. 20. *That old Greek question*: see p. 159.

L. 23. *A strange Aphrodite*: Venus rising from the sea, to bring—not life, but death, in mockery of her ancient character.

— L. 27. *Salvator*: see p. 12, l. 20, and note.

L. 28. *Dürer*: see p. 113, l. 25, and note. His "Knight and Death," and Salvator's "St. Anthony," &c., are examples of their spectre-subjects.

P. 189, l. 14. *Oxford lectures*. "Think of it, and you will find that, so far from art being immoral, little else except art is moral; that life without industry is guilt, and industry without

art is brutality" ("Lectures on Art, Oxford, Lent Term, 1870," § 95). "All great Art is Praise. The art of man is the expression of his rational and disciplined delight in the forms and laws of the creation of which he forms a part" ("The Laws of Fésale," i. 1)

L 20 *And now* written September 16, 1888.

THE END

